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Down from the Mine, the Moor
AND
THE MOUNTAIN.

BY JOHN HARRIS

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LAYS

FROM

THE MINE, THE MOOR, AND THE
MOUNTAIN.



LAYS

FROM

THE MINE, THE MOOR, AND THE
MOUNTAIN.

BY JOHN HARRIS,
A CORNISH MINER.

"THE mountain-torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

GOLDSMITH.

Second Edition,
With several Additional Poems.

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THIS VOLUME

Is respectfully inscribed

TO

GEORGE SMITH, ESQ.,

F.A.S., F.R.A.S., M.R.S.L.,

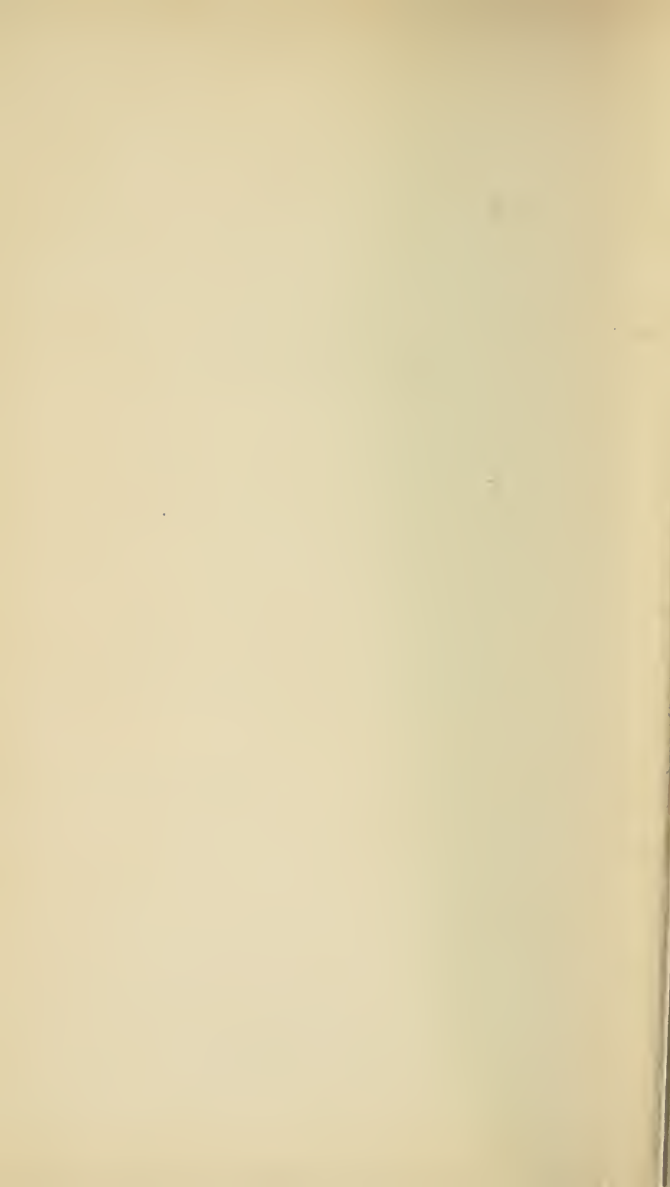
OF TREVU, CAMBORNE,

AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS KIND ASSISTANCE AND GENEROUS AID,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

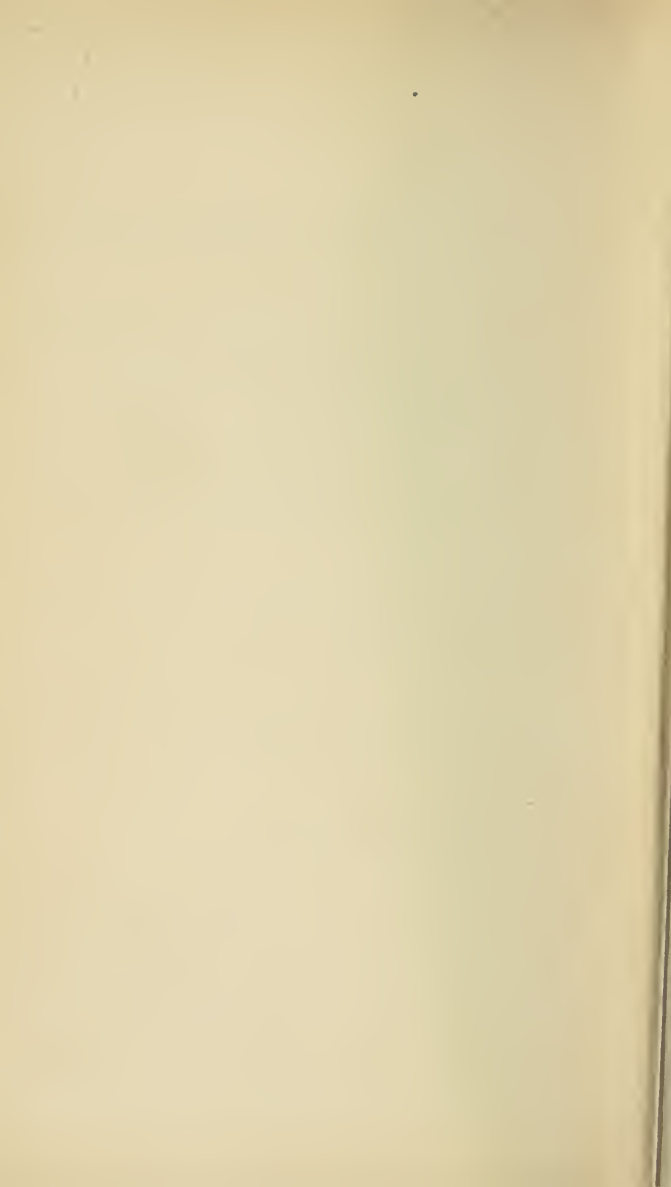


PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE kind reception with which his little book has met, induces the author to publish this second edition, revised, corrected, and very much enlarged. Many of the additional pieces were written several years ago ; and some few of them recently. For all these he claims, as he did for those first presented to the public, the humble merit of originality and simplicity.

Thus he sends forth his production in its rustic garb from his Cornish solitude, to win its way as it may among the walks of men ; desiring it to be judged of, not as the polished production of a learned bard, but as the simple effusion of one who daily toils in the darkness of the mine.

TROON-MOOR, CAMBORNE,
April 28th, 1856.



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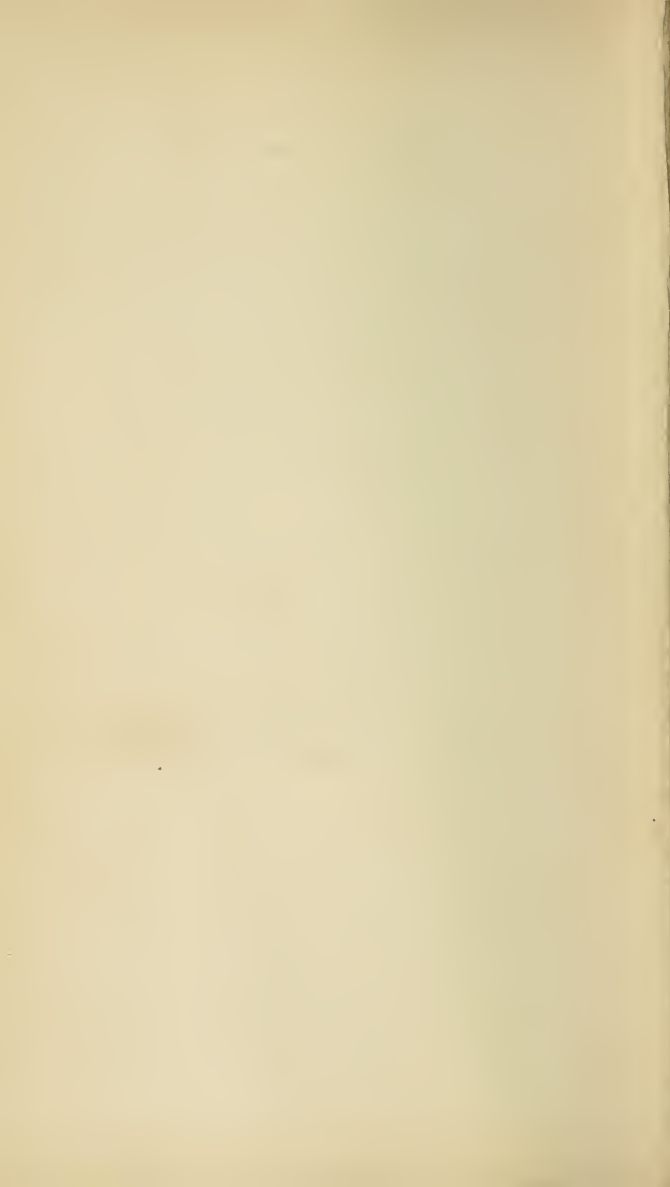
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THE
LOVE OF HOME.

THE
LOVE OF HOME.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poem opens with an Allusion to many unfading Spots in Creation—One of the greenest is our Birth-place, which will remain covered with eternal Summer—A Picture of the old Pilgrim—His Visit to his Birth-place—The Love of Home, Nature's pure Principle, lives in the Snows of Age—The old Soldier—His Narrative—Thoughts of Home cheering him on the Battle-field—His Return to his native Village—His cold Reception—His Death—The Love of Home universal, embracing the Indian—African—Arab—Swiss—South-Sea Islander—Greenlander—Scotsman—Frenchman—Irishman—Englishman—The Love of certain Localities the Gift of Nature—My own Birth-place—The Cottage of the Peasants—Their Evening Meal—The parting Hour—The Youth's Departure—His Travels—His Success—Thoughts of Home in Solitude—His Return—The happy Meeting—Marriage—The Bard—His early Love of Nature—His Home—His Teachers—His Distress—Departure from the Valley of his Birth—Revisits it in old Age—Weeps over it.

EARTH is replete with nooks of happiness,
With bowers that blossom everlastingly,
With gems that sparkle on and never fade,
With streams that murmur sweeter and more sweet,
With flowers that wither not at winter-time,
With gardens where the rose-buds ever smile.
Affections cling around them, ivy-like,
Entwining them for ever, ne'er to break
Until the thread of life is snapp'd in twain.
Such are our birth-spots; garlanded with song,
Hung round with love-shoots of our early time,

Gemm'd with pure thoughts that glow through after-life,
Flashing amid the sunshine of the Past,
And clinging to the memory evermore !

See yon old pilgrim, with his hoary locks,
Sitting beside the streamlet in the vale,
Which leaps from rock to rock exultingly.
Before him, in that wither'd arbour's shade,
Lie the rough ruins of his father's cot,
Prostrate among the climbing ivy-leaves,
And the rank grass, which withers where it grows.
O ! how those granite blocks, untouch'd by Art,
Are preaching to him on this April morn !
There's not a scatter'd fragment in that pile
But has a tongue, a most enchanting tongue,
Which captivates him with its eloquence,
And chains him to the mossy primrose-bank.
They tell him of his mother and his sire,
His sunny sisters, dewy with young life,
The loved companions of his childhood hours,
And all the painted witcheries of the past.

Why does the tear-drop, oozing from his eye,
Steal over his plough'd cheek so silently,
Until it drops into the silver brook,
Startling the timid trout that watches there ?
Why does he ever and anon start up,
Snatching his staff, then sits him down again,
And, gazing still, is still unsatisfied ?
Why does he come among the early flowers,
As now he comes, and lingers here alone,
Among the ruins of this peasant-nest,
And seems as if he saw an angel there ?
This was that old man's birth-place ! Four-score year
Have swiftly hurried o'er his ancient head,
Leaving sad traces of decay behind ;
But that pure principle which Nature gives,
And fosters in the breast of every one,
Burns on and on, from youth to manhood's prime,
And smoulders not amidst the snows of age.

" I 'm travelling homeward," the old soldier said,
And laid his wallet down upon the stile.

Man, maid, and matron throng'd to hear his tale :—
“ You see that village yonder mid the trees,
And that white house fronting the mountain's brow ;
This was the soldier's birth-place. Yes, indeed,
The same old man that 's talking to you now,—
War-scarr'd and weary as he may appear,
With hoary locks crisp with the frost of age,—
The same old man that 's talking to you now,
Was once a little boy in that green vale,
Singing life's morning carols joyously.”
And, as he spoke, he brush'd away the tear
That, step by step, walk'd down his furrow'd face.

“ One summer-day,—I well remember it ;
Perhaps 't is three-score years ago, or more,—
I had done something which displeased my sire ;
And he reproved me, which displeased myself ;
And I, to be revenged, in my young way,
Caught up my clothes, and left my father's roof,
And have not seen it since, till this blest hour,
When these old eyes are turn'd on it again.

“ I've been in battles both by sea and land ;
I've heard the braying of the brasen trump ;
I've seen the flames of war, and heard its din ;
I've hack'd my way through walls of human flesh ;
I've flung my shriek upon the battle-flash,
And roll'd myself in garments red with gore.
' Hair-breadth escapes ' with me were multiplied.
I from the deck was toppled in the sea,
Down, down, head-foremost, on the coral reef ;
And up I came again alive and well !
I met a lion once upon my track,
Which oped its horrid jaws to take me in :
I sent a bullet through the monarch's brain !
I've often drunk out of the stagnant pool,
And breakfasted upon the forest-leaves,
And slept at night upon the naked rock !
Death met me once, swift coming from his cave,
And aim'd a dart at me : 't was turn'd aside
By the unerring hand of Providence,
And, lo ! I see once more my native place.

“ Home of my fathers, hail ! all hail to thee !
When I have trembled in the Frigid Zone,
And peep’d into the nook where Winter dwelt,
Making snow-feathers in his crystal cell,
To puff them round the world in hurricanes ;
When I have shiver’d in this icy place,
My busy thoughts were revelling with home,
And leading me across those emerald meads.
Home of my fathers, hail ! all hail to thee !
When faint and weary in the Torrid Clime,
Traversing day by day the arid waste,
Smarting with thirst, that keenest, bitterest pain,
How have I long’d to be at home again,
Beside the bubbling fountain in the dell,
To quaff the waters of old England’s springs !
When Battle raved, and shook his bloody blade,
And I was left on the red field as dead,
Amidst the war-hack’d, mutilated heap,
Thoughts of my home, when wakening Reason dawn’d,
Came, like a burst of music, on my soul ;
And up I rose, in spite of wounds and blood,
And rush’d to conquer with my shatter’d sword !

“ When storms were howling on the mighty deep,
And tempest-spirits rode upon the waves,
Blue lightning-wings were flapping in the sky,
And Thunder bellow’d in his fiery caves ;
When unseen monsters piped upon the winds,
And yell’d within the cordage of our bark,
Which soon went down where storms are never felt,
And I was cast upon the yielding sand,—
Life came, and reason dawn’d :—my home was there !
I thought upon my mother and my sire,
My white-wash’d cottage here among the trees ;
And up I got again and struggled on.
’T was with me as I climb’d the hill of life :
I reach’d the summit, and my home was there.
Then slowly I went down into the vale,
In foreign lands :—my home was with me still.
Time drew his pencil from his rusty sheath,
And silvered o’er those scatter’d locks of mine ;
Old age began to shake this house of clay ;
And, fearing I should die in foreign fields,

I hasten'd here, to lay my bones with you,
And sleep securely in my native place."

He limp'd along, leaning upon his staff;
Inquired for those he loved,—but they were dead.
The stranger's icy eyes in his white home
Froze the old man to sadness, and he wept.
He fell at last beneath the scythe of Death,
Among the summer-flowers in fatherland,
And, where he wish'd, has found a resting-place.

The love of country is predominant
In every zone that belts the universe.
It glues the Indian to his loved wigwam,
Where sire and son, age after age, reposed
Beneath the peace-tree planted by their sires.
It binds the Afric to his sun-burnt soil;
Flies with the Arab through the wilderness,
So that he leaps not o'er his boundary-line;
Walks with the Swiss in his beloved vales,
Like an attendant spirit; flings its spell
Over the Islands of the laughing South,
Where Nature is her own instructress, and
Her artless children stroke her uncomb'd locks.
It gilds the crests of Greenland's splinter'd crags,
Making home joyful in a nest of ice!
The Scotsman sees no mountains like his own,
No glens so beauteous, and no fields so green;
And he whom fate consigns to "sunny France,"
And he the native of the "Emerald Isle,"
And he who claims his birth in Albion's vales,
Old music-mantled England, thinks his home
The sweetest sublunary spot of all.
Born in the valley, nursed among the streams,
He loves the valley better than the hill:
Bred on the mountain, rear'd among the storms
He loves the crags that answer to the blast.
The love of home links man to fellow-man,
Binding earth's children to their native sod.

Upon the crest of yonder heathy hill,
Where the storm-spirits wrestle with the stars,
Flinging their flashing brands at the Great Bear,

And mutter in the hollows of the rocks,
Turning the timid man another way ;
Upon the crest of this old rocky mount,
I first beheld the breaking of the dawn,
And drank the morning zephyrs of young life.

Hail to thee, mountain birth-place ! Not a rock,
O'er-written with the stanzas of the storm,—
And many rocks are shooting from thy crown,
And hanging from thy girdle,—not a rock
On which my sire and grandsire oft have stood,
And where I've perch'd myself in childhood's spring,
Gazing into the deep blue summer sky,
And laugh'd to see the earth so beautiful,—
No, not a rock around my native place
But what I love, as if akin to me !
There's not a hedge-row, gemm'd with ivy-leaves,
There's not a furze-bush in my father's lea,
There's not a sofa, with its seat of moss,
Where the tired pilgrim sits in Nature's hall,
And gazes on the portraits of past years ;
There's not a heath-bower in the dear old *croft*,
Where the young Muses woo'd the singing boy,
To list at evening to the harping breeze ;
There's not a wild nook where the tempests roar,
Yelling their bass-blasts round the fire-scathed rocks ;
There's not a gash upon its furrow'd front,
But seems even now a portion of my life !

Hail to thee, mountain birth-place ! Other scenes,
In other lands, may press upon my ken,
And flash before my vision ; other hills,
Lofty, majestic, mightier than thou,
Forcing their snow-clad crests above the clouds,
Where Winter sits and howls eternally,—
Ay, other hills may fill my mind with awe,
And startle me with wonder ; but I'll turn,
Even in the midst of this excitement turn,
And fondly kneel upon thy crest again.
Sickness may blast this feeble frame of mine,
Or Want may clothe me in his ragged vest,
The tree of friendship may be rooted up,
The last bright star of earthly hope may fade,

A prison's walls may hear the sufferer's groan,
Old age may twine its fetters round my clay,
A thousand happy memories may depart,
But I shall ne'er forget thee, mountain-home !
The sweetest spot of earth ! my native place !

It seems even now, in spite of "hope deferr'd,"
In spite of poverty and all its ills,
In spite of cold neglect, which freezes more,
In spite of care, sleepless and wakeful still,
In spite of all the sorrows I endure,—
It seems even now, when wandering here alone,
Gazing upon the nooks where I have been
Tuning my lyre in Evening's dewy halls
Under the hawthorn in the daisy-mead,—
It seems even now I feel inspired again,
And snatch my harp, forgetting all my woe.

O ! when at last I 'm sleeping in the grave,
Where the wild flowerets whisper o'er my head,
And the soft breezes chime my mournful dirge
At vesper-time,—O ! if an angel's wing
May stoop to brush the dew-drops from the flowers,
And visit scenes it loved,—then I 'll descend,
Swiftly descend, beneath the purple eve,
Fanning the heath-bush with my pinions bright,
And hover o'er this loveliest spot of all !

Let 's cross this meadow where the cowslips dance,
And gaze into that cot among the trees.
A father and his family are there :
How peacefully they dwell ! Like shelter'd birds,
They chirp together in their cottage-nest,
Beneath His wings o'ershadowing earth and sky.
The good man's home ! Earth has no sweeter cup
Of sparkling happiness, surpassing thine !

Now Evening comes, and o'er the quiet earth
Spreads out her twilight mantle gracefully.
The flowers are sleeping in their dewy homes,
And, on the budding boughs, the singing-birds
Have rock'd themselves to slumber. Earth 's at rest,
And Silence muses where the Zephyrs sleep.

The sire returns from labour, and the boys,
The bigger boys, from work are thronging in,
And ruddy younglings rushing home from school.
The kettle sings upon the blazing hearth
A song of melting music in their ears ;
Before the fire-place Puss enjoys her dreams,
Lark shakes his feathers in the general glee,
And Ponto whines to see their safe return !

And now they sit around their supper-board,
And make a hearty meal on homely fare.
The sire takes down the Bible, and aloud
He reads a portion of God's holy word ;
And, having round the sacred altar knelt,
And breathed their earnest prayers to Heaven, they all
Retire to rest, and gentle sleep comes down,
And they are wafted to the isle of dreams :
Attendant angels hymn around their beds,
And shake rich music from their golden wings.

We visit them again in summer-time.
Green grief is sitting on their hearts to-day,
And sobs come forth to load the mourning breeze,
And little sparrow on the chimney-top
Puts forth his ear to listen. Mother weeps,
And sister hides her face within her hands,
And brother gazes on his brother then,
And watch-dog shrinks into his nest and whines,
While little baby strikes his shrillest note,
And father silently is watching all !

Wherefore has sorrow seized them ? On this morn
The circle of that happy family
For the first time is broken. A fair youth
Sheds on his sister's neck a flood of tears,
And takes his own loved mother by the hand,
And rushes on, and on,—away, away !
The father follow'd him to the blue sea,
Saw his last foot-print left upon the land,
Beheld him standing on the vessel's deck,
Looking with wistful eyes towards the shore ;
And then the old man knelt among the rocks,
Deck'd in their cloaks of slippery, salt sea-weed,

And wept and pray'd,—and pray'd and wept again,—
That God would guard him safely o'er the deep,
And save his son in dark temptation's hour.—
That old man never saw his child again !

On went the youth, lured by the god of gain,
Threading the hills and vales of a strange land,
Roaming the forest where the red man roved,
And climbing mountains in the far, far West.
He heard the solemn crashes of “ the Falls,”
And gazed on dells immortalized in song.
He pass'd the spot where War's red blade had flash'd,
And Carnage howl'd upon the battle-field,
Drinking her wine-cups brimm'd with clotted gore,
Yoking “ red ruin ” to her fiery car.
He heard the Siren's song in other lands ;
He drank from rivers where the white man's lip
Had never press'd the sparkling wave before ;
He gather'd up rich shining gems in heaps,
And gain'd a thousand friends where'er he went.
The rich came forth and shook him by the hand,
And little children bless'd him as he pass'd,
And fair-hair'd maidens sang to him at eve.
He wish'd this moment, and the next enjoy'd.

Deem not that he, in these exciting hours,
Forgot his home,—his home among the meads,—
His father's home,—that early home of homes !
It rose before him in his darkest hours,
And in his brightest moments. Not a day
But there it lay beside him, beautiful,
Sweeter and lovelier than it e'er had been !
And when the moon came forth at even-tide,
Silvering the summits of the ancient hills,
Weaving white robes of fleeting loveliness,
And flinging them o'er valley, lake, and stream ;
When singing-birds were sleeping in the brakes,
And the tired hedger laid aside his spade,
And laugh'd to hear the evening story told ;
When Silence slumber'd in the vesper-breeze ;
At such an hour he oft would steal away,
To muse upon the home of early days,
And think the same wan moon was gazing down

Upon the cottage-roof he left behind,
And kindred eyes were then upturn'd to her,—
A weeping mother, and, perchance, a sire,
Brother and sister, and, yet dearer still,
The maid he left behind him fatherless !
Then, hastening back, he crept into his couch,
And saw it pass before him in his dreams !

Years fleet away : his face is homeward turn'd ;
He can't forget his own beloved land ;
He sees the white cliffs of his native shore :
And now he's in the harbour, and is safe.
He hastens on, and on, from stage to stage,
And pants to see once more those sacred nooks
Where he in childhood with his brothers play'd.
He climbs a hill-top, where they oft have been,
In days of yore, watching his father's sheep.
He's on the highest crag ! He looks around,
And weeps for very gladness.—“ Here's my home !
The smoke is curling upward through the trees,
Looking so beauteous in my misty eyes ;
And here my mother comes, my brothers too,
My little sister, like a flower in May.
One dear embrace, and then we'll weep our fill.
Home, home, sweet home ! we'll never part again !”

See'st thou that cottage by the murmuring stream,
And those green fields where cows and horses feed,
And, coming with a pitcher in her hand,
That pleasant-looking woman ? 'T is his wife,
The orphan girl he loved when far away !
This is his cottage, and that pleasant farm
Is own'd by him : he's now a happy man ;
He loves his home, he loves his family,
And, what is more than all, he loves his God.

The psalm of morning shakes among the hills ;
The lark is singing to the rising sun ;
Troops of pert sparrows gossip on the thatch ;
Reynard is slowly creeping to his lair ;
And far-off murmurs float upon the ear.
The satchell'd poet is abroad betimes :
His path to school is through the quiet moor ;

And he's thus early, to be lingering there,
 Communing with the song-queen in her bower.
 He bends him o'er the streamlet, as it plays
 Its holy anthems in his native dell.
 He listens to the lyrics of the trees,
 Whose voices fill the galleries of morn.
 On banks of dew-kiss'd flowers he sits thought-crown'd,
 Watching the swallows, as they dive and wheel
 O'er brook and rock, glancing like spirit-wings ;
 And as the vapours from Morn's brightening brow
 Melt slow away, and glory-lines are cast
 On her fair features, gazing, they appear
 To the young school-bard rays of holy song.
 And now he's standing by the woodland lake,
 Peering far down into its silvery depths.
 Shoals of strange Genii revel on the sands,
 And ride upon the billows of the flood,
 And climb the rushes to their pointed tops.
 Nature allured him from his mother's lap,
 Enamour'd of her woods and waterfalls.
 No wonder that the boy grew up to fame.

Manhood has stamp'd its impress on his brow,
 And the meek poet breasts the cares of life.
 Let's turn aside and look upon his home.
 We find it in the valley, strange indeed,
 And picturesque, and wild. Upon a rock
 Is its foundation, and before it foams
 The rushing torrent : rills, like silver threads,
 Are trickling down the mount from slope to slope,
 Gushing sweet music : o'er its reedy roof
 The hollow crags ring to the eagle's scream,
 And gnarlèd oak-trees wave, where hornèd goats
 And careless herds roam free : far down the vale
 The shepherd's dog watches the fleecy flock,
 And happy shepherd carols on his crook.
 Woods in the distance on the mountains wave,
 Upon whose summits towers and castles stand.
 Flowers of all hues around his casement climb,
 And look in at his door, whose quaint old latch
 Is almost hidden in a grove of leaves.

Among the ferns and furzes oft he walks,

By ruins grey, old wells, and haunted springs,
Or mid the wonders of the wilderness,
With book and pencil dangling in his hand,
Holding strange converse with ideal shapes
In tinsellings trim, astride the gossamer
Which wraps him round as in Elysium.
Nature inspired him with her lays of love,
Carved on the mountains, ringing in the vales,
And pencill'd on the flowerets of the field,—
Her book of wonders, strangely written o'er
By babbling breezes with their dewy pens,
Or angry hurricane with brand of flame,
Or silent zephyr with its quill of flowers,
Or Spring with roses, Summer with perfumes,
Autumn with golden grain, cold Winter's self
With icicles suspended from his locks,
Day with its rays of light that gem the page,
And Midnight with the moonbeams :—Nature's book
Was read by him like some old ringing lay.

Hast ever climb'd some old eternal hill,
Sear'd with the thunder-rod, whose awful crags
Confound thy senses with their stony glare ?
Hast ever scaled it in the black storm-cloud,
When the winds rattled 'gainst the thick rain-streams,
And the blue lightnings, with long forked tongues,
Chisell'd their records in its jutting ribs ?
When Thunder flung his hissing bolts abroad,
Full of red vengeance, and the earth and sky
Shriek'd to each other in the dreadful din ?
Hast ever, muffled in the cloudy night,
Bent thy stray steps up the untrodden heath,
When not a single soul was at thy side,
Save those good angels, guiders of thy feet ?
And have thy thoughts leap'd from their secret cell,
And mingled strangely with the shadowy rocks
That stoop'd to meet thee on thy musing march ?
Here the true poet converse held alone
With shapes invisible and things unseen,
Clouds, lightnings, winds, rocks, meteors, misty rains,
Wild torrents, gentle streams, darkness and light,
Earth, sea, and sky, fill'd with the voice of God.

The mountains were his teachers : crags and storms,
Old tumbling waterfalls, low-fluting rills,
And flowery valleys, fragrant with perfumes,
Woods, trees, birds, stones, the cattle of the field,
Stars, constellations, the chaste holy moon,
The filmy insect with its flashing wings,
And the dull reptile hiding in the fen,
Old Ocean, lifting up his awful voice,
And thundering in the ear of drowsy Night,—
Each atom of God's glorious universe
Was the fond teacher of the musing hind.
He loved the morning breezes, as they came
Laden with heavy dews : the breath of eve,
Tuning the tree-tops, sauntering down the vale,
And toiling up the shaggy mountain's side,
Was sweet to the poor bard : the lark's shrill song,
The woodland echo, and the murmuring stream,
Were things which seem'd to mingle with his life.
His solitary rambles here and there,
By mead and moorland and the mountain stream,
And over giant rocks and heathy downs,
Fill'd the rude cottagers with wondering awe,
Who look'd upon him as a vacant man.
He loved the hill-tops of his fatherland,
And sang of home and its felicities,
Though wandering daily with the vulgar herd,
Tortured and sad of heart,—longing for rest,
And pining for the paths of solitude,
Denied him in his battlings sore for bread.

Then came a day of darkness, dense and drear ;
Friends all forsook him. His beloved harp,
Which Nature gave him at life's early dawn,
Lay rusting mid the cobwebs of his cot.
A meagre host of skeletons arose,
And follow'd at his heels by night, by day,—
Want, Hunger, Famine, Pestilence, and Care,
And pale Exhaustion with his phiz of bone.
His little children look'd up in his face,
And cried for lack of food ; his wife grew sad,
And tears were streaming down the poet's cheek.
Thus crush'd and broken, soon he bade adieu
To home and country, (though he loved them much,—

None more intensely,) and, 'neath other skies,
In foreign vales his happy children play'd.

The rolling billows of the sea of time
For forty years had wash'd the cliffs of life,
When in his native valley once again
Alone he walk'd, the Pilgrim of the past.
His hair was hoary, time had mark'd his face;
His step was slow, supported with a staff;
And now and then a tear crept from his eye,
As o'er the flowers the peasant minstrel hung.
He walk'd into the bower by Nature made,
The dear old arbour where he sang in youth,
And woo'd the Muses from their breezy heights.
The ivy clung adhesive to the rock,
And the wild roses cluster'd over head;
The swallows sported up and down the vale,
And merry birds were singing by the stream,
As musical as when he heard them last.
These seem'd the same; but, coming to his cot,
The narrow paths along his garden-ground
Were overgrown with grass; they look'd unpress'd,
Untrodden for a series of long years:
The shatter'd casements and the door unhinged
Told him of desolation and decay.
On a low rock the white-hair'd poet sat
In agony of soul, weeping aloud,
And calling on the names of those he loved.

His kindred had departed,—all were flown:
A hamlet had arisen in the vale;
Tall whisker'd wights were ploughing in the meads,
And stranger-faces peer'd among the trees.
None did he know, and he was known of none,
Forgotten in the valley of his birth,
Whose woods and streams inspired him with sweet song,
Calling forth music from the hedger's soul.
The image of his home, when far away,
Appear'd before him as he saw it last:
But Time had changed it in his rapid flight.
He wiped his eyes, and turn'd him from the dell,
Slowly and sadly creeping up the hill,
And on its summit paused to look again
Back on his home.—He never saw it more.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

APOSTROPHE to the Love of Home—Sweet to the Labourer—
The Mother—The Mourner—The Wanderer—The Captive—
The Warrior—The Meeting of Friends—The Miller—His
ancestral Dwelling-place—Rumours of the Gold-land—He
visits it—Thoughts of his thatched Home in the Camp—
The Emigrant Girl—Her Story—The Death of her Mother—
Her Brother—Her Brother's Grave—Her Return to England
—Visits her native Place—Meets with her Father—An an-
cient English Cottage-home—A Fire-side the Maturing-place
of Friendship, and the Nursery of Thought—A Christian
Mother—Her religious Instructions—Her undying Voice—
The happy Result—The Prisoner—His Tale—His Release—
Visions of Home in his Cell—His anxious Desire to see his
Birth-place—His Desire granted—His Death—The Slave—
His Invocation—His Dirge—His Decease.

DELICIOUS Home ! beneath thy sacred shade
The weary man forgets the face of Care,
Digs the sharp thorns from Labour's horny hands,
And smiles triumphantly at want and woe.
The mother, bending o'er her beauty-buds,
Sings in the breeze, and carols in the blast ;
The father sits within thy spring-green bowers,
And knows no melody so sweet as thine !
The ruddy youth pulls down thy clustering grapes,
And gives them to his sisters smilingly.
The mourner, poring o'er the blessed Book,
Flies to thy closet, ever-welcome Home !
And realizes there the "joy of grief."
The weary wretch hastes to thy fragrant seats,
All sprinkled o'er with sweets of other days,
And fondly woos thee to his wounded heart.

The wasted captive leaves his narrow cell,
And rushes homeward with electric speed.
The wrinkled warrior wipes his gory blade,
Which now hangs resting on the pictured wall,
And in thine arbours twines the locks of Peace.
Thou treasurest up the tales of olden times,
And, when the gathering of kind friends is come,
Thou dost recite them in thy holy halls,
Uniting soul to soul with cords of love.

Oft when the chain of labour chills my heart,
Deep in the earth's black entrails, thoughts of home,
My children's voices, and my wife's glad smile,
Come, like the breathings of a seraph's lute,
Making the sad one joyous! Free again,
With a glad heart I hasten to thy shade,
And find no happier spot beneath the sun!

Among the rushes in a lonely fen
The miller lived; a few small fields were his,
Which long were handed down from sire to son,
"Time out of mind" their family estate.
His sire and grandsire, and his grandsire's sire,
Were born where now the busy miller dwelt,
And saw his ruddy children round him rise.
Delightful 't was at summer's eve to sit
Among the trees far up the mountain's side,
To list the murmur of the moving stream,
And hear the sheep-bells tinkling in the vale,
And far away the merry milk-maid's song.
His days were those of rural happiness,
Divided with his meadows and his mill,
Flowing along as smoothly as the brook,
That turn'd, and turn'd again, his wooden wheel.

But in the midst of his retirement sweet,
Strange rumours reach'd him of the land of gold
Across the mighty main. He rubb'd his eyes,
And dropp'd his scoop to hear the tale again,
Which so o'ercame him that he closed his mill,
And left his little meadows half-untill'd,
His fences half-repair'd, his lambs unmark'd,
The huge field-gaps, where wood-gates should have been,

Half-built with blocks of granite ; sheds half-thatch'd,
O'er which a meagre family of ropes
In his "hot haste" were thrown, whose dangling ends
Flapp'd in the screaming blast : on the smooth lea,
Half-plough'd, half-planted with potato-roots,
He left his spade still sticking in the earth ;
And on the surges of the lucre-storm
He roll'd into the field of blazing gems.

Armies were there before him ; troops on troops
Came rushing on behind,—famed England's sons,
And Ireland's hardy swains, the Frenchman gay,
Old Scotia's mountaineers, and those afar
In isolated isles,—black men and red,
From Cornwall's miners, heroes of the rock,
To the smooth-featured "children of the sun."
None seem'd to heed his fellow : bent and bow'd
With faces to the earth, they dug for gold
From morn till eve, nor did they dig in vain.
At night-fall in the camp's drear solitude,
After the gainful labours of the day,
His thatch'd home came before him,—wife and friends ;
His prattling children clamber'd up his knees,
And told him stories of the wondrous bean,
With strings of other tales, and in his dreams
He heard the waters rushing o'er his mill.

That wheel is silent now,—he died abroad ;
But his last thoughts were with his native vale,
And his last blessing was a prayer for it.

"I've cull'd these flowers to deck my brother's grave.
He's sleeping in the village-churchyard now,
Surrounded with old elms and weeping pines,
Spreading their branches o'er his quiet tomb.
My mother rests beside him ; and my sire
Has wander'd from us, and return'd no more.
She sweetly told us on her dying day,
That God would be our Father and our Friend ;
And then she left us : so we linger'd on
In love together for a little while,
Until my brother sicken'd, and then died,
And yesterday they laid him in the grave.

And I was left alone in this wide world.
I've brought these flowers to place above his head,
That, when the spring comes, they may blossom here,
The sweet memorials of a sister's love,
When I am far away, from whence we came.

"There is a country in the genial east,
Of which my mother oft has told us much,
And, as she spoke, would wipe the tears away.
I think she call'd it England,—land of streams,
The isle of roses and the clime of song.
This is the country where we both were born,
And twined life's morning flowers in fresh festoons,
To hang around the beauteous neck of Love.
I scarce remember now the primrose-bower,
In ivy-mantled, happy fatherland,
Where we have play'd when life was fresh and green.
But more than this I know not. In the night
We left our home upon the mountain's side;
And the next day I heard the ocean roar,
And felt the billows toss our bounding bark.

"On went the vessel o'er the trackless blue,
The white-wing'd eagle of the stormy deep,
Carcering, like a wind-god, westward still,
Until the cry of 'land' bade all rejoice.
We stepp'd ashore, and found the settler's home;
O how unlike the dwelling left behind!
Soon father fled, and mother pined away,
Still wasting, till she dropp'd into the tomb:
My little brother quickly follow'd her;
So swift does sorrow sorrow overtake!
To-morrow I depart, and haste away,
To seek once more my earliest playing-place.
May gentle dews descend on these pale flowers
I plant upon the grave of him I love;
And may the sunbeams kiss them into life,
And mantle them in rainbow-colour'd robes,
That they may weep, at holy evening-time,
For those who sleep so quietly below,
When I am far away, I know not where!"

The morrow dawn'd: the flapping sails were spread;

The ocean-eagle bounds along her way ;
The maiden look'd behind her on the land,
And it had dwindled to an atom-speck.
One tear of sadness, and she smiles again :
" My face is turn'd towards my earliest home :
Almighty Father ! guide me safely there."

Her prayer was answer'd. Soon her native land
Rose fair and beauteous, clad in Spring's green robes :
And she through England's vales inquiringly
Pursued the way to her ancestral mount.
Behold her at the foot of the old hill,
Gathering king-cups and nodding hyacinths,
And kissing them in rapturous ecstasy !
O how she listens while the robin sings,
On the old hawthorn, sheeted with May-flowers,
And claps her hands, and wipes her streaming eyes !
Then hastens on across the laughing meads,
Where the young lambkins dance among the grass ;
And stops and listens to the cuckoo's voice.

But who is he, with sandals sadly worn,
With dusty garments, and a knotty staff,
Sitting among the lichen-cover'd rocks,
Wrapp'd in a fit of musing ? 'Tis her sire,
Thus strangely piloted to meet her here !
He had been wandering over foreign fields,
In quest of gold, that glittering deity ;
And, travelling back to live and die at home,
He came this way, to see this cherish'd spot,
Ere he embraced his loving family.

She soon was standing near him : questions rose,
And rapid answers follow'd, till the whole
Came gathering round him, like a murky cloak,
'Gainst which the keen blast chatter'd. Pale he stood,
And press'd his daughter to his beating heart,
And cried in all the ecstasy of grief,
" I am thy long-lost father, dearest one,
Come back to cheer thee in thy solitude.
O, be mine angel through this wilderness,
And lead me gently downward to the tomb !
We'll make this vernal spot our dwelling-place,

And live together here till life be past,
In the old cot where both of us were born."

'T was one of England's ancient cottage-homes,
Straw-roof'd, and clasp'd with ivy. Sweet woodbines
Around the Gothic casements strangely crept,
And o'er the porch the clustering roses hung;
Beneath the eaves the sparrows built their nests,
Upon the tree-top little robin sang,
And sky-larks caroll'd o'er it merrily.
Behind it, rose the mountain's ragged crest;
Beside it, paced the shepherd with his crook;
Below it, walk'd the murmuring rivulet.
A bard might linger there, and hear old rhymes
In every breezy murmur,—winds and waves,
And silent-speaking flowers, and singing-birds,
And tuneful breezes, harping on his ear!

Delicious Home! beside thy blazing hearth
What griefs are soften'd, and what bruises heal'd!
What loves, what friendships, cherish'd and matured!
What poisonous thorns are rooted from the flesh,
And quickly burnt to ashes! Little words,
Conceived within thee, travel on and on,
Increasing on their earthly pilgrimage,
Till they become the watchword of their day,
The flashing oracles of mighty states,
The awe of kingdoms, and great Europe's dread.
They live and move for ever, till the last
Dire, awful death-groan of the universe;
And then these little words appear again,
In the bright daylight of eternity,
Radiant with life and immortality!

See'st thou that mother, at the evening hour,
Gathering her children round the cheerful hearth,
And telling them of God? Plain her address,
So that the smallest in that happy band
May comprehend it, and the elder ones
Weep, when they hear that tale she tells so oft,—
The Saviour's stoop to save us from the fall!
Angels are bending o'er their shining seats,
To listen to the teacher; and their hands

Rest, for an instant, on their living lyres.
The storm that rocks the mountains, tearing off
Huge, splinter'd fragments of the rifted rock,
Twisting the branches of the giant oak,
And battling with the spirits of the dark,—
The storm that yells so furiously without,
Is scarce regarded by this band within.
They listen to the voice of her they love,
Breathing in their rapt ears plain Scripture lore ;
They drink the gushing music from her lips,
And feel the first fresh buddings of delight,
The early promptings of the better part.
The seed is sown that will spring up again.

We pass along "the rush of numerous years,"
And look into that happy home once more.
Strange faces seem to greet us from the hearth,
Whose flashing eyes reveal the mind within.
They are the same we saw in days gone by,
In the fresh pastures of Life's April fields,
Now standing on the crest of Manhood's mount,
Stretching their eagle gaze at Fame's green crown.
But where is she who sat among her flowers,
Her little children in their early time,
And taught them how to shun the paths of Vice,
And walk in Wisdom's flower-enamell'd track ?
Stand on her silent grave,—the dust is there,
But her freed spirit has gone up on high,
To sing the song of Moses and the Lamb !
But that same voice is heard at evening-time,
Along the garden walks, beside the stream,
In the green fields, and by the blazing hearth,
And coming from the churchyard's hallow'd sod,
In sweetest accents still, for evermore !

On comes the rushing separation-blast,
Scattering the olive-branches of this house
In different corners of the busy world !
One makes his home where the green Islands smile,
In the Pacific Ocean. Sitting there,
'Neath the fresh branches of the bread-fruit tree,
What time his locks are silver'd o'er with age,
These little words, the voices of the past,

Come thronging round him, with their spirit-tones,
Bringing fresh tear-drops with them : down he kneels,
And blesses God for such a parent given !

Another carols on the desert-sands
Lays which he heard his sainted mother sing.
Another plants his dwelling far away,
Beside the silver lake, in a strange land ;
And little ones come clustering round his board,
The joyful issue of the marriage-bed.
He now has reach'd the autumn of his years ;
But, coming o'er the summits of the past,
Along the hills of life, her living words
Are ringing round him wheresoe'er he goes.
To her he owes the comforts God has given :
" It was my mother made me such a man ! "

Another climbs the towering mount of Fame,
From crag to slippery crag, until at last
He feels the laurel pressing on his brow,
And drinks the voice of praise with ravish'd ears.
Men bow before him, wondering at his might,
The awful mystery that wraps him round,
The unseen halo moving where he moves !
He writes his name in living characters,
To blaze for ever in the hearts of men.
He flings around the seeds of life and light,
Which are to vegetate eternally :
And, drawing near the banks of Death's dark stream,
He says to those who watch Life's dropping sands,
" I owe my mother everything I am ! "

Another, with the Bible in his hands,
Girding the Christian's glittering armour on,
Goes forth to meet the erring sons of men,
To tell the simple " story of the Cross."
Methinks I see him in his pilgrim-weeds,
Way-worn and weary, by the fountain's side,
Sitting upon the earth. Beside him stands
The fierce barbarian, stain'd with human blood,
To whom he tells the tale he loves so well,
Heard in the halls of home in early time,
When sitting on his sainted mother's knee.

The savage hears, and trembles, and believes ;
 Old things are past with him,—all things are new,
 And floods of glory fill the moral world !
 How honour'd are the ministers of Christ,
 The trumpeters of Zion, thus to be
 The messengers of hope to those that mourn !

How gloomy are those frowning prison-walls,
 O'er which Despair flaps his dark raven-wings !
 Peep through that grating ; look upon the floor !
 What's that we see there, sitting on the straw,
 Looking like Misery's self ? 'Tis an old man,
 Wasted away to shadow, wasting still,
 Though twenty years have found him wasting here.
 How sad is his lament ! and yet a hope
 Is tingling in his melancholy dirge,
 Sobb'd forth to-day upon the rotten reeds :
 " Another year of slow-revolving Time,—
 For, O how slow he travels in my cell,
 Trailing his leaden limbs along my track !—
 Another year, and yon dark iron door
 Will ope, to let the prisoner out again
 Into the world, unchain'd, at liberty !
 Where are my friends,—friends injured so by me,—
 I left behind me in my early home,
 In the green wood o'ershadow'd by the elm ?—
 And twenty years have since crept o'er my head !
 Perhaps they all are gone ! " And the old man
 Roar'd in the corner of his prison-house,
 So that the echo came, and came again,
 And went and came ; and still among the straw
 He moan'd in very bitterness of soul !

Days, months lag on ; and as the period wanes
 Which brings him nearer to the happy hour,
 Hope kindles in his bosom, kindling still,
 As, day by day, the added notches rise.

At last the old man, through the grating, saw
 The wish'd-for morning ope its dewy eye ;
 For he all night had roll'd upon his reeds,
 Weeping for very joy. It broke at last,—
 The blushing dawn of liberty to him :

The sever'd links fell from his wasted arm ;
The manacles were rooted from his flesh ;
The grating door upon its hinges turn'd ;
And forth he went into the dazzling light,
'Neath the blue arch of heaven, free as the birds
That sang on high their songs of liberty ;
His song as happy and as free as theirs !
Standing upon a rising hillock, he
Survey'd the lofty prison walls behind,
And, resting on his staff, wept a farewell.

And now he bounds along with jocund tread,
Not on the highway, but across the meads ;
Now sits him down, recounts his sorrows o'er ;
Now runs again, now whirls his staff in air,
Now halts and dances with excess of joy.

Where are his eager footsteps bending ? Where ?
List, and you'll hear him as he rushes on :
" A few miles more, and I shall reach the wood,
The birth-place of my honour'd sire and me,
Where, one-and-twenty years ago, I left
A weeping mother and her little ones.
I saw them often in my prison-cell,
In the dim land of dreams, when I lay down
And groan'd myself to slumber on the straw.
Home came before me, like sweet fairy-land,
Even in my darkest moments, gilding oft
The blackening pall that o'er my dungeon hung !
And shall I see my birth-place once again ?
Quaff the pure breezes murmuring through the wood ?
Drink the translucent water from the well,
And hear the song I heard in days of yore ?
Shall I, in the old chamber of my youth,
Where I was born full sixty years ago,
Meet the grim monster, and lie down and die ?
O, grant me this, kind Heaven ! I ask no more."
Wiping the perspiration from his brow,
And brushing his hoar locks, away, away,
With quicken'd pace, the weary wanderer went.

He had his wish,—had all he wish'd to have,—
And, in the chamber where his grandsire died,
He closed his eyes on all material things.

Come, list to what the fetter'd slave shall say :—
 " Blaze bright, ye lightnings ! send your steeds of flame
 On messages of death around the world !
 On your fierce fiery gallop hiss and burn,
 That cruel man may shudder with affright !
 Yell loud, ye thunders ! bellow in your ire,
 And crack your sulphurous tongues, that lick the vales,
 And twitch the stone-caps from the mountains' heads,
 Hurling them to destruction ! Rend the skies
 With your dread echoes, that the heart of man
 May melt within him at God's awful voice !
 Wail loud, ye winds, till the shook welkin splits,
 And the storm-spirits on their rattling cars
 Drag up the forest-trees like shrivell'd reeds,
 Turn o'er the villages like tufts of down,
 And stir the ocean deeper than 't is wont,
 That its proud billows may usurp the land,
 And pull back to its depths the pride of man !
 Ye waters, streaming from the muffled cloud !
 Pour down your rain-floods on this grave-dark night,
 Wherein my master turns his slave abroad,
 Whipp'd, branded, fasting, fetter'd to the bone,
 To make my bed 'neath this o'erhanging rock,
 Up which the blue flames clamber, leaping wild
 From crag to crag, loud crackling o'er my head !
 Stream from your secret reservoirs, ye rains,
 And wildly peel earth's adamant ribs !

" Surrounded with the war of elements,
 Deserted by the friends of human-kind,
 Forced from my master's dwelling, at this hour
 A vision comes before me :—'t is my home,
 Far from the slave-man's country, far away
 In the sweet vale of reeds. In early youth
 We dwelt together, brothers, sisters, friends,
 Mother and father, in one pleasant home,
 Loving and loved, a joyous family.
 Brief were our days of happiness, too brief :
 Down from the mountains came the fierce white man
 Like an unchain'd tornado, scattering friends,
 And wringing blood-drops from the patriot's heart.

" 'T was a bright summer morning ; the past night

I lay down in the corner of my shed,
And slept so sweetly ! Dreams of fatherland,
Its streams, its rivers, hills, and aged woods,
Where the huge, shaggy forest-king resides,
And birds of silvery plumage gem the trees,
And carol wildly,—dreams of fatherland
Were floating through the chambers of my brain.
For, O, methought my own dear mother came
And kiss'd me as I slept, and bade me rise,
Calling upon her boy. I started up,
And felt a cold hand clasping both mine own,
Dragging me swift away. My arms were chain'd,
My feet were fasten'd, and on board a ship
They brought me to this country, wet with tears.

“ Youth has been broken here on slavery's wheel,
Manhood has writhed upon the bloody rack,
Age has been chill'd beneath the tyrant's chain,
Whose gore-dyed rivets fasten'd on my soul.
My life has been an age of servitude,
Black, sunless, woful, winter-like, and drear :
No spring, no summer has adorn'd the scene :
Before, behind, on this side and on that,
And over head, oppression's thunder-clouds :
The frightful whip has dug into my back,
Until the blushing gore crept through the holes ;
The hissing brand has burnt into my bone,
Until I shriek'd the name of that dread God
Who of one blood has made the sons of men.
But in the midst of those conflicting pangs
And jerks of nature, Afric's sunny home,
My forest birth-place, swam before my sight.

“ My wife long since was hurried from my side,
Ere Time's rude razor had slipt o'er my head,
Or his rough ploughshare furrow'd up my brow.
My children have been sold before mine eyes,
And torn from my embrace, and whipp'd away
Where fields are moisten'd with the mourner's tears,
And blood is rusting on the planter's spade,
And human bones are bleaching in the sun,
O'er which the death-bird flaps his heavy wings,
And wails in concert with the rocking trees,

Filling the night with dirges,—where is heard
The crack of the slave-whip, and the shrill cry
Of the poor sufferer smitten to the earth :
Ay, there my children were compell'd to pine.
I've drunk the bitter waters of despair,
And felt the frosty fingers of Neglect,
Eaten the crust of bitterness, and bow'd
Me like a beast of burden to the yoke :
But, in the midst of sorrow's briny sea,
That fair home-spirit rode upon the waves.

“Flash, flash, ye elements, and lay me low !
I'm a forsaken, desolate, poor slave,
Cast out from home and its society,
Whom now ye toy with :—whirl me to the grave,
That I may hide me there in endless night !
For I shall never see my boyhood's bowers,
Or drink out of my native wells again.
I'm weary of existence, and would sleep.”
And from the cleft sky an electric blaze
Unchain'd the clay from his enfranchised soul.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE miner to whom allusion is made in the following poem, still lives in Cornwall. This truly heroic Christian man, with a brother-miner, was at the bottom of a shaft, preparing to blast the solid rock. They had bored a hole in the usual manner, inserted a large charge of powder, and, in mining phraseology, had "tamped" it; that is, filled it above the charge with soft stone, and beaten it with a rod of iron, confining the powder at the bottom of the hole, and fixing the fuse, which they carelessly left attached to the coil, so that it could not be extricated.

Their proper course would have been to cut the fuse to its necessary length, before placing it in the hole; then one should have ascended in the bucket, and the other should have waited till the bucket came down again, fired the touch-paper placed under the fuse, which would soon ignite it, given the signal, and so have ascended to the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fuse with a stone and one of their blunt iron drills. Fire was struck; the fuse was ignited; they both dashed to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass: one could escape,—both could not,—and delay was death to both. It is the general custom for the miner who attends to the charging of the hole, to wait behind and fire it. It was our hero's turn to have ascended; and his comrade, who had charged the hole, should have remained behind and fired it. But, looking for a moment at his mate, and stepping from the bucket, he said, "Escape; I shall be in heaven in a minute!"

They were both pious men,—members of a Christian church. Our hero's comrade had children; but he himself

had none. This fact struck his mind, and, under the impulse of the feeling thus raised, he dared the danger to save his companion. The bucket sped up the shaft; the man was safe, with the exception of a scar upon his brow, from a splinter of the rock thrown up by the blast,—and the Christian hero below was preserved. “Now I look,” says the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., “at the great Czar, who, to build a city called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men;—and at this poor miner, who, to save the life of his comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces;—and I ask you, ‘Which of the two is the hero?’”

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poem opens with a Picture of the Rev. John Wesley, coming into Cornwall—The dense moral Darkness through which he then wandered as a flaming Light—The Diffusion of his Doctrines—Their happy Result—The Tenderness of the Infant Heart, and the Ease with which Children imbibe Principles which colour all their After-life—The Care that should be taken before them—Evening—Picture of a Mother, kneeling down at her Bed-side, teaching her little Boy to pray—The Operations of the Holy Spirit on that Infant's Heart—He goes on from Stage to Stage, followed by the "still, small Voice," until, in a Sunday School, at an early Age, he gives his Heart to God—An Enlogy on Raikes, the renowned Lover of Sunday Schools—The Importance of teaching the Alphabet—The Decision of the Boy to meet in Class—Picture of the Valley of Desire—Picture of a Class-Meeting—The Boy grown up to Manhood, and going forth alone with his Bible—A Picture of a Mine—Two Miners at Work, boring a Hole; he, erst the Boy, one of them—The awful Dilemma—The Sacrifice—The Contrast.

Who comes across our Cornish hills and dells,
In ministerial garb, with Book and staff,
Scattering the doctrines of the Holy One,
Like flaming lights, around on either hand?
And, lo! they drop upon the barren wilds,
Giving the rocks a tongue; in the green vales,
And, lo! the blushing flowerets smile for joy;
Stream sings to stream, and, in the shady wood,
Trees clap their hands, and murmur their delight!
Ay, who is he that, like a ray of light,
Shoots through the darkness of our island-home,
Crying to all, "Behold, behold the Lamb?"

Our great illustrious Founder, whose high name
Receives an echo now in every zone,
To be re-echoed still by unborn throngs ;
Whose doctrines are the mantles of the mass,
Streaming o'er Cornwall's sunny hills and dales.

On goes the Pilgrim ; and, where'er he goes,
Those living lights are scatter'd : mead and moor,
Hamlet and town, and the low mountain-cot,
Are flashing in the glory of their rays,
To blaze still brighter till the end of time.

Before he came, a pall-black thunder-cloud
Had cloak'd the darkening moral hemisphere
And a grey-headed man, with Christ within
And heaven above him shining in his view,
Was a rare gem to meet with. Not so now :
Large bands are glittering in Immanuel's lines,
Armies on armies, from the mining world.

There's not a village on the low hill's side,
There's not a hamlet here embower'd with trees,
There's not a town in all our "neck of land,"
There's not a Wesleyan temple anywhere,
There's not a singing bird, a murmuring stream,
A silent flower, a shining blade of grass,
A tuft of heath stuck in the mountain's crown,
A time-gnaw'd rock, a sweetly whispering breeze,
A hill, a vale, a wood, a mount, a stream,
That says not, with Cornubia's "One and all,"
"John Wesley's sainted name shall never die!"

How tender is the heart of infancy !
How sensitive the young affections are !
How easily the infant-mind imbibes
Truths, principles, moulding its after-life !
How imitative are our little ones !—
Conning our books, wielding our inkless pens,
Snatching the needles from the mother's work,
Striding across the floor with manhood's gait,
And doing twenty things we will not name,
But, what is more, a hundred times a day
Chiming the very words they hear us speak !

O man, beware when with thy little ones !
A single action carelessly perform'd
May ruin them for ever, and the souls
Of future thousands may be lost through thee !
Bend the young branches waving round thy board,
Refresh those flowerets with the wave of life,
Give them the milk which from the Bible flows,
Feed them with lessons from the word Divine,
Clothe them with garments from Truth's brilliant loom,
And lead them forth in Wisdom's flowery meads,
To bend their knees at true Religion's shrine.
So shall thy setting sun go down at last
Without a cloud to dim his golden rays !

The stars are glittering in their crystal homes,
The moon looks o'er the summit of the hill,
Peace walks with Twilight through grey Evening's bowers :
The harper is abroad in the lone vale ;
You hear the dying music of his lyre
Float through Eve's curtain'd halls, now high, now low,
As if an angel sang its evening chime !
A mother kneels beside her lowly couch,
Placing her hands upon her baby-boy,—
Who kneels beside her like a cherub fair,—
And prays aloud that God would bless the lad !
His rest is sweet : he rises with the morn,
And hastens forth to greet the early lark,
Rising and singing high above the mists.
The sportive lambkin in the emerald mead
Was not more joyous than that little one :
He cropp'd the flowers, whose eyes wept tears of dew,
Pressing them to his bosom ; and a voice
Came in the music of the little birds,
And in the treble of the piping winds,
And in the hum of wakening life around,
“ O give thy heart to me, my little one ! ”
And the young prattler listen'd, till his heart
Instinctively replied, “ I will, I will.”
'Twas the Good Spirit striving with him there.

On ran the boy along his flowery track,
Till the seventh summer lighted up his face,
And painted his fair tresses beautiful ;

And, as he leap'd along, the Spirit's voice
Rang in his ears, still ringing, ringing still,
"O give thy heart to me, my little one!"
And the boy wiped his eyes, and said, "I will."

Behold him sitting in the Sabbath school,
Learning to read the wondrous alphabet,
And stepping fleetly up from class to class.
He tunes his voice to sing Jehovah's praise,
And bows his infant knees to join in prayer.
The still, small voice he heard in early time,
Is whispering to him here upon his knees,
"Now give thy heart to me in life's bright morn:"
He clasp'd his hands and said, "I will, I will!"
His vow was heard, and register'd on high;
He, from that hour, resolved to be the Lord's.

Blest be the memory of that sainted man,
Who once collected from the lanes of life,
From the dark rubbish of our favour'd isle,
The untaught younglings of our rustic sires,
And, fee-less, placed them in the Sabbath school!

Names, wondrous names, have echoed o'er our globe;
Illustrious men have lived and pass'd away;
Their great names now are almost strange to us;
We meet them as we toil along life's road,
And gaze upon them, wondering, wondering still;
They floated on the billows of the past,
On the red waves of blood, till the hoarse surge
Lash'd them against the breakers of neglect,
And down they dropp'd in blank forgetfulness.
But RAIKES'S honour'd name will live for aye,
Green with an earthly immortality!

The stream of pure benevolence roll'd on
From vale to whispering vale, from sea to sea,
Increasing in the hurrying flight of years,
Rolling its billows on the heels of Time,
Until it cheer'd our own locality,
Watering the roots of Cornwall's copper-hills
Still rolling on, increasing as it went,

Through all Old England's ivy-cover'd veins,
From the Land's End to famous John-o'-Groat's.

It seems at first a very little thing,
To take a smiling curly-headed boy,
And place him on the benches of the school,—
To teach him four-and-twenty little things,
The magic letters of the alphabet.
But give him them, and he possesses all!
Those glittering symbols are the golden keys
By which the little boy, in after-life,
Unlocks the secret treasure-hoards of Art,
And walks with Science through her lofty halls.
In after-time, beside his own loved hearth,
He sails with Captain Cook around the world,
Walks with great Newton from bright star to star,
And soars, with Milton, to the heaven of heavens.

Decided now to be a "Red-Cross" Knight,
And fight the battles of Immanuel,
He girds the Spirit's sword upon his thigh,
To war with enemies without, within,
And hastens forth upon the battle-field.
He joins without delay the Church of Christ;
Becomes in youth a follower of the Lamb,
And feels the freedom of his new-born soul.

While many in the Valley of Desire
Linger'd and linger'd on, until grey hairs
Hung on their temples, and old Time had plough'd
Deep furrows on their faces; till their limbs
Were palsy-shaken, and they fell at last,—
Fell in the middle of this skull-paved vale,
And sank into the bottomless abyss;—
While many starvelings madly linger'd here,
He stepp'd beyond its winter-smitten line,
Into the country where the upright walk,
And gather'd grapes which cluster'd round his path,
And drank the waters flowing from Life's stream,
And pluck'd the leaves that prophets feed upon,
And heard the crystal hymnings of the blest;
And, through the living telescope of faith,
The soul-eye of the Christian, he would oft

Gaze on the the Golden City far away,
With sheeny battlements, and silver towers,
And glittering turrets, blazing in the Sun
Which never sets in all that wide domain !

Linger not in the Valley of Desire :
Dry reeds are here, and ferns, and dwarfish things,
And vegetation seems but half awake ;
It is the' abode of sullen Discontent,
Unthankfulness, and wither'd Unbelief.
Despair's own cave, hung round with rusty swords,
Crack'd scalping-knives, and muskets tann'd by time,
Old haggard ropes, and nails congeal'd with blood,—
Despair's own cave, under a beetling rock,
Is in the centre of this horrid dell.
Owls hoot within its shadows, and the ghosts
Of murder'd thousands nightly revel here.
Don't linger in this melancholy vale ;
Step o'er the ridge of those dark frowning rocks,
Which lie between thee and the better path.
Don't starve thy soul, and damn thyself at last.
Haste from this dreary valley ; haste ! O haste !
The grim avenger is pursuing thee ;
His flaming sword is lifted o'er thy head :
Another step, and it may be too late !

How strangely dost thou live ! “ O, I desire ”
(So says the man within this dismal place)
“ To be a follower of the Blessed One ; ”
And yet the devil leads thee at his will !
“ I do desire to go to heaven at last ; ”
And yet thy back is on the city-gates !
“ I want to have the mind of Christ within ; ”
And yet unholy angels are thy guests !
“ I long to have the roots of sin upturn ; ”
And yet thou feedest every plant of pride !
“ I do desire to live the life of heaven ; ”
And yet the flames of hell are in thy heart !
May God have mercy on thee ! Haste thee out
Don't parley in this vale another day.
He did not linger here,—with instant speed
He quickly cross'd its wither'd boundaries,
Left its dark deserts and its windy wilds,

Soar'd high above its blasted scenery
 Into the region of perpetual spring.
 He drank the breeze which came from Paradise,
 And on the hills of hope he walk'd with God.

There are within this teeming universe,
 This land of deserts, thorns, and prickly briars,
 This vale of tears, this wilderness of grief,
 This mire of heartfelt sorrows infinite,
 This dungeon-home of Care, this rocky bourn,
 This tangled labyrinth of false complaint,—
 There are along its valleys, on its hills,
 Beside its streams, in wood and flowery lea,
 Among the ragged rocks, the wiry heath,
 The sandy deserts, and the hungry crags,—
 There are green spots,—green in the midst of death ;
 Green in the storm-time, when the sere leaves fall ;
 Green in the track of War, when his hot rain
 Is shaking old Time's furrow'd battlements ;
 Green when gaunt Famine stalks along the streets,
 With haggard Pestilence upon his heels ;
 Green when the blade is blighted, and the ox
 Is withering in the stall ; green when Decay
 Fastens his putrid fingers on the flower ;
 Green when the heavens are angry, and the great
 Dark cloud of judgment shrouds the weeping sky ;
 Green, always green ! e'en in the winter-time,
 When Nature wears her covering of snow !

One of those green spots in the waste of life,
 As fair as any of its sister-nooks,
 Is a Prayer-meeting, where the faithful few
 Meet, 'midst the Sabbath-morning's holy chimes,
 To worship at the footstool of the Lord ;
 To climb the golden ladder Jacob saw,
 Dropp'd from the presence of the Deity ;
 To sweep their hands across the holy lyre
 Which the fair shepherd-boy, in the green fields
 Of ancient Bethlehem, awoke to praise ;
 To catch the music of the better land,
 Shook from the seraphs' wings in Paradise ;
 To walk into the hallow'd vale of prayer,
 To commune with their Father and their Friend ;

To sit beneath the vine-leaves of delight,
 And eat the food that angels live upon.
 A thousand spots like these around us lie,
 Kiss'd by the Cornish breezes ; bowers of bliss ;
 Gems in the rubbish ; sparks amidst the gloom ;
 Streams in the desert ; flowers in solitude ;
 Suns in the chaos ; fire amidst the frost ;
 Life in the house of bones and rottenness,
 Water'd by living dew from Eden's isle,
 And warm'd with hallow'd flames from Love's great Sun.

How beautiful these flowery nooks appear
 Along thy walks, my Cornwall ! Are they not
 'The girdles of thy strength,—thy hope,—thy joy ?
 The life-blood of thy church ? her throbbing soul,—
 Her locks of might,—her beauty and her praise ?

One of those hallow'd spots he made his own,
 And here reclined beside the bubbling springs,
 Happier than he who trembled on a throne.
 Had I a thousand friends, I'd say to them,
 " Go meet in such a place ;" or if I had
 More enemies than these, I still would cry,
 " O come with us, and we will do you good !"

How often, with the Bible in his hand,
 The Bible given him at the Sunday-school,
 Would he walk up yon narrow shadowy lane,
 O'erhung with hawthorns and sweet-scented briers,
 Till Evening put her starry mantle on,
 Cross'd with young moonbeams, lined with sleeping flowers,
 And tied with glow-worm strings upon her neck !
 How often would he read his Bible here,
 Away from noise and strife, and feel the while
 As happy as a ransom'd man can be !
 'T was here he treasured up those burning words
 Which tinged the colour of his future years,
 And made him such a Christian conqueror !

Hast ever seen a mine ? Hast ever been
 Down in its fabled grottoes, wall'd with gems,
 And canopied with torrid mineral-belts,

That blaze within the fiery orifice?
 Hast ever, by the glimmer of the lamp,
 Or the fast-waning taper, gone down, down,
 Towards the earth's dread centre, where wise men
 Have told us that the earthquake is conceived,
 And great Vesuvius hath his lava-house,
 Which burns and burns for ever, shooting forth
 As from a fountain of eternal fire?
 Hast ever heard, within this prison-house,
 The startling hoof of Fear? the' eternal-flow
 Of some dread meaning whispering to thy soul?
 Hast ever seen the miner at his toil,
 Following his obscure work below, below,
 Where not a single sun-ray visits him,
 But all is darkness and perpetual night?
 Here the dull god of gloom unrivall'd reigns,
 And wraps himself in palls of pitchy dark!
 Hast ever breathed its sickening atmosphere?
 Heard its dread throbblings, when the rock has burst?
 Leap'd at its sneezings in the powder-blast?
 And trembled when the groaning, splitting earth,
 Mass after mass, fell down with deadliest crash?
 What sayest thou?—thou hast not?—Come with me;
 Or if thou hast, no matter, come again.
 Don't fear to trust me; for I have been there
 From morn till night, from night till dewy morn,
 Gasping within its burning sulphur-cloud,
 Straining mine eyes along its ragged walls,
 And wondering at the uncouth passages
 Dash'd in the sparry cells by Fancy's wand;
 And oft have paused, and paused again, to hear
 The' eternal echo of its emptiness.

Come, let us leave the fields and flowers behind,
 The murmuring brooklet where the poet walks,
 Weaving life's cobwebs into silken flowers
 To beautify the homes of fatherland.
 Come, let us leave the beauteous light of day,
 The bower of roses, and the Muses' haunt,
 Where the green ivy roofs us over head;
 And go down, down into the earth's black breast,
 Where, in the bottom of a shaft, two men
 Prepare e'en now to blast the solid rock.

The hole is bored ; the powder is confined ;
The fuse is fix'd,—it cannot be drawn forth.
They negligently cut it with a stone
Against a rod of iron. Fire is struck !
The fuse is hissing : and they fly, both fly,
Towards the bucket, taking hold thereon,
Shrieking the well-known signal. He above
Strove, but in vain, to put the windlass round.
One could escape,—delay was death to both !
One of them was our hero. Stepping back,
He look'd a moment in his comrade's face,—
O what a look was that !—and cried, " Escape !
A minute more, and I shall be in heaven."
On sped the bucket up the sounding shaft :
The man was safe ! Eager to watch his fate,
The fate of his deliverer, down he stoop'd,
And bent him o'er the shaft, just when the roar
Of the explosion rumbled from below.
Up came a fragment of the rifted rock,
And struck him on the brow, leaving a mark
Which tells him still of his deliverance ;
A mark which Time will never chip away
With his rough hatchet, but it will remain
Till Death shall wrap him in his murky pall !

They soon began, among the fallen rock,
To burrow for the corpse. At last they heard
A cheering voice—the voice of him their friend—
Ring in the rattling fragments ! Here he was,
Roof'd over with the rock,—alive and well !
Forth from his fearful grave the hero came,
And smiled on all around him. Daniel's God
Had saved His servant in this dangerous hour.
All he could tell was, that, when left alone,
He sat down in a corner of the shaft,
And held a picce of rock before his eyes,
To wait the issue. And when ask'd why he
Gave up his life to save his friend, he said,
" His little children would be wet with grief,
While I had none my sudden death to mourn."

I look abroad on earth's great battle-field,
And from the hall of heroes, wrongly named,

I drag some laurell'd wight, whose crimson robes
Are dripping in the blood his hands have shed ;—
I take the northern Czar,—him who, to build
A city, and to call it by his name,
Once sacrificed a hundred thousand men !
I take him with his soul besmear'd in gore,
And place him, crown'd, and worshipp'd, and adored,
Beside this Christian miner, who, to save
His comrade's life, sublimely gave his own !
I take them, and I place them, side by side,
Upon the world's great platform, and I ask,
“ WHICH of them is the hero ? ”

THE WAR-FIEND.



THE WAR-FIEND.

MAN ! Christian ! Briton ! up, bestir thyself !
Red War is rampant. From his cave of bones,
The bones of nations slaughter'd in the fight,
He rushes forth with fury, fire, and flame,
With ringing steel, with hatchets blood-bedyed,
And fire-wing'd monsters echoing deeds of death.
Red War is rampant, smearing the high hills
And the low valleys with the gore of men,
Snapping the bond of human brotherhood,
And driving man to kill his fellow-man,
Who cuts and stabs him in the battle-fray,
To be himself the sport of butcher-blades,
Handled by those he should embrace and love.
Neighbour has met his neighbour on the field,
And both shoot wildly at each other there.
Foe turns his flashing eyes upon his foe,
And yells to plunge the dagger in his heart.
Forth from his cave he comes, this gory fiend,
Where he so long has fed on human flesh
Mown down for him, mown down in days of yore,
And heap'd into his vault by bloody hands :
Forth from his cave he comes with murderous mien,
And Europe trembles 'neath his iron feet.

Dost think the Maker of this glorious earth,
The great Designer of the Universe,—
Who built the mighty mountains with His word,
And scoop'd the flowery valleys with His hand ;
Who from the very dust created man,
And in his nostrils breathed the breath of life,
So that he started up a living soul,
And bade him live and greatly multiply,
And people the new world,—dost think that He
Design'd at first that man should murder man,

Filling the earth with cruelty and blood,
Making its fairy fields a charnel-house,
And the blue skies to blush at human woe ?
Man fell,—and Cain was the first murderer.

Up from thy books, and forth at evening-time :
What dost thou hear now in the armèd East ?
The clank of warriors on the field of blood.
Beneath those stars that shine so beautiful,
Shedding sweet influence on the man of peace,
That look down in thy face so lovingly,
Like eyes of friends escaped away to heaven,—
Beneath those stars the fearful yell is heard,
And the fierce murderers ply their flashing blades ;
Shells burst, and rockets hiss, and cannons roar.
Death on his white horse rushes o'er the land,
Trampling with iron hoofs the skulls of men :
Flames from his nostrils rush : proud chiefs are singed,
Smouldering to ashes on his ruin-track.

'T is night : along the sky huge meteors walk,
Like giants flashing with a thousand blades.
Behind them, on those clouds of gory red
Ride hosts of horsemen, and their flickering swords
Clash and re-clash upon the ear of Night ;
And down the sides of those dark rolling hills
Rush streams of human blood, with fire and smoke.
Unearthly sounds are muttering through the dark :
Men shiver in the streets, and talk of woe :
Dogs howl, the ravens scream, and funeral songs
Wail through the midnight with the voice of death,—
Awful prognostics of the coming storm.

List to the crackling of those tongues of fire,
Leaping from roof to roof, from street to street,
Beneath the cloudy mantle of the night.
A city burns with its inhabitants,
Its holy fanes and sculptured palaces,
Its famed cathedrals, gemm'd with daring deeds,
Its noble domes, the boast of royalty,
Its costly magazines of precious wealth,
Its choice museums, rich with scraps of eld,
The pith and marrow of all age and time.

Old men and youths, the father and his flock,
 Mother and daughter, widow and her charge,
 Lover and maiden, mistress and her lord,
 Poet and painter, harper and his lute ;
 The rich man clutching hard his bags of gold,
 And blasted mendicant in fluttering weeds ;
 The monk close-shaven, and the hairy hind ;
 The wise philosopher, and staring clown ;
 The man of prayer, and the blasphemer rude ;
 The new-born infant, and its grey grandsire ;
 The veriest drudge, and prince in shining robes,—
 Consume together in a whirl of flame.

Hark how the wind moans through those ancient elms,
 Flapping their leafless arms in winter-time,
 Like spectres gazing at the flying moon.
 Forth from yon dwelling stalks an English knight,
 Leaving behind him in that lonely vale,
 A wife, a mother, and his children dear ;
 And on he goes to battle. How his arms
 Flash in the moonlight, as he hastes away
 To meet the foe, and front him foot to foot
 And hand to hand ! O, how his great heart beats
 When, standing in the entrance of the wood,
 He looks back on the dwelling of his youth,
 And the fair sleepers swim before his eyes !
 “ O God, preserve them when I ’m far away
 With the embattled host, warring for thee,
 My country ! If my heavenly Father wills,
 I would return to see them once again :
 But if I may not, thus I bid farewell.”
 And, dashing off the tear, his steed’s quick tread
 Rolls through the solitudes as on he goes.

Amidst the slaughter of the reeking host,
 He grapples with the foe. At the first charge
 Which still’d the echoes with its deafening roar,
 Shot crossing shot, and blast re-crossing blast,
 Sweeping away the foeman and his foe,
 He thinks of home and friends, of wife and babes,
 Of fire-side joys, of walks at summer-time,
 “ Too exquisite to last ;” and deeds are done
 By which his name will echo in sweet song,

Till the sun darkens, and the moon is blood.
Genius, and valour, and a noble mind
Led him to laurels Hector might have won.
Learning was on his lip, and in his eye
The fiery flashes of an orator.
His ire was like the lightning of the storm,
Fierce, terrible, astounding earth and heaven.
His soul was like a blazing thunderbolt,
Shivering to atoms all impediments.
He hurl'd his sword with strong Herculean hand,
And armies trembled at its dreadful glare.
He raised his rifle, and grey heroes fell ;
They and their plumes were trampled in the dust.
By tact, and art, and wondrous stratagem,
He led his troops to certain victory.
But when the shout of the pursuing host
Died on the listening ear, and night came on,
When round the camp-fires hoary veterans met,
And tales of slaughter'd regiments were told,
His own great name was reckon'd with the dead,
He stiff and cold on the red battle-plain !

Ah ! never more that warrior's noble form
Was seen across the threshold of his home ;
And never more his children climb'd his knee,
Or wife gazed on the features of her lord.
He fell in battle, cover'd o'er with wounds.
Ah ! what avails his foreign monument,
Or all the thunder of the trump of fame,
To him, or those who aye bewail his loss ?
An empty chair is now beside his hearth,
And sorrowing hearts for ever cluster there.
Sweet little younglings look for him in vain.
A shadow rests on all terrestrial things.
“ Grim-visaged War,” thou demon of the dark !
When will Religion drive thee from the world ?

On sweeps the War-fiend, on his car of flame,
By hungry coursers drawn, whose iron teeth
Gnash in their fury for a human meal.
On sweeps the War-fiend, shaking his hot brand,
With red hair streaming in the sulphur-blast,
And visage dark with blood. On sweeps the fiend,

Rushing o'er vineyards trampled in the dust,
 O'er palaces and cottage-homes in tears ;
 O'er widows, wailing for their husbands slain ;
 O'er children, weeping for their murder'd sires ;
 O'er friend, left friendless in a world of foes ;
 O'er sobbing households, ruin'd, rent, and riven ;
 O'er lover, prostrate on the field of death ;
 O'er maiden, weeping for that lover there ;
 O'er hamlets drench'd in blood, o'er towns destroy'd,
 O'er cities sack'd and burnt to wretchedness ;
 O'er plains with corpses strewn, or white with bones ;
 O'er countries saturnate with human gore,
 Where shriek'd the cormorant his doleful note ;
 O'er kingdoms shaken with the thunder-blast,
 Plough'd up with ruthless bullets, where the sky
 Was hung in clouds of darkest drapery.
 On sweeps the War-fiend on his maddening march,
 With his grim train of butchering followers,
 That stab, and shoot, and chop, and rip, and pierce,
 And murder in broad day. Earth groan'd and writhed
 Beneath his burning breath and fiery wheels.

Among the hills he dwelt, that pensive one,
 A loving father, with an only child,
 His little daughter, beautiful as Spring.
 Among the hills he dwelt, that tuneful bard,
 Singing his songs unheard in Nature's ear ;
 Unless, perchance, beneath some towering cliff,
 Or shadowy rock, or wandering far away
 Where flowers were clinging to the mountain's sides,
 And silent rills were gliding down the steep,
 Or by the margin of the placid lake,
 Whose limpid waters mirror'd the tall trees,
 Where sang the birds their evening orisons,—
 Unless, perchance, when sweetly wandering here,
 Leading his little fairy daughter forth,
 She caught the music of his rural lyre.

How pleasant were those days, those walks of song
 With music and the Muses ! How she loved
 Those solitary rambles, by the brook,
 In the low valley where the swallows play'd,
 And up the mountain-path, high on the crags

Rent by the wintry blast ! through meads of flowers,
Where butterflies were floating in the sun,
And gentle breezes murmur'd sweetest songs.
O, how she loved those walks, to father dear,
And dear to her, Dame Nature's happy child !
Each spot of secrecy in field or fell,
Where oft her sire would sing his madrigals,
Each little brooklet where he mused at morn,
Each rock and hawthorn visited by him,
Were known to her, companion of the bard :
And oft, when evening came, they wander'd forth
To revel in the glow-worm's ghostly light.

Behind the western mountains sinks the sun,
And one by one the kindly stars come forth :
The evening dew's descend on hill and dale ;
The rising moon illumes the riven crags,
Pouring her first fair rays into the vale ;
And the last story dies beside the hearth.
Forth in the moonlight-shadows walks the maid,
With tears upon her cheek. No sire is there,
No poet with his mystic instrument,
No father with his heart brim-full of love.
He's sever'd from his only daughter's side,
And forced into the battle. Far away
Is heard the growl and clash of martial arms,
With all the roar of horrid musketry,
And groans of dying men 'mid sheets of flame.
Amid the stillness of this summer-eve
The echo of the far-off fight is heard,
Borne by the breezes to her listening ear,
Like Thunder muttering in his distant caves.

“ Where can my father be ? O, tell me where !
They tore him from me while I lay asleep ;
And when at morning from my couch I rose,
He was not at our hearth. I search'd the meads,
Climb'd up the mountain, hasten'd down the vale,
Ran to the harbour by the babbling stream,
And where the hawthorn tempts with its cool shade,
Flew to the cliff, and roam'd the fragrant heath,—
Where he was wont to be delighted much,—
Calling upon his name. He heard me not.

Among the pretty flowers, whose looks were changed,
I sat me down and wept, and wept again,
Till my heart sank within me. Five long days
And long, long nights have found me desolate.
No food have I to eat, and my brain whirls :
Yet oft methinks, when hunger pierces me,
I hear the music of my mother's voice,
And wonder why I cannot go to her."

Day after day she drew her wasting form
Into the fields, to look out for her sire ;
And day by day her wasting strength declined,
Till one bright summer's evening,—as the sun
Tinged the high summits of the' eternal hills,
Leaving his last smile on the golden clouds
That hung around him like a banner'd host,—
Under a hawthorn in her native vale,
Her gentle spirit wing'd its way to heaven.

War, raise thy brasen trumpet if thou wilt,
And blow with all thy might a thunder-blast,
So that thy scream rip up the frightened rocks,
And rend the mountains into chasms huge,
Shaking the cities with thy murder-shout,
And toppling kingdoms over with thy roar !
Ay, howl with all thy might thy last long howl !
Thy reign of blood is almost at an end,
Thy day of vengeance nearly sped away ;
Thy flaming brand is flickering to expire ;
Thy blood-shot eyes will shortly close in death,
Thy car be shatter'd, and thy last shrill clang
Die on the borders of the universe !

See'st thou this book ? It is the Book of God.
What words are these, that glitter on its leaves ?
"A virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son,
And they shall call His name IMMANUEL :
For He shall save His people from their sins.
His peaceful kingdom ever shall increase,
Stretching from isle to isle, from sea to sea,
Till nation against nation lift no sword,
Beating them into ploughshares, and their spears

Shall all be changed to graceful pruning-hooks,—
Till universal man learn war no more.”

Fire-breathing monster, on thy hissing steed,
Pawing the seat of power with lightning-hoofs !
This stormy tempest surely is thy last :
This awful plunge of blades will cleave thy head :
This bloody fight will lay thee on thy bier ;
This hurricane of blows break all thy bones ;
This rush of nations leave thee marrowless ;
And thou shalt perish 'mid old Russia's snows.
Even now thy red arm, lifted in the fight,
Pulls down the curse of Heaven upon thy pate :
The heated cannons mouth thy dirge of death,
And the crack'd trumpet hoots thy requiem :
The muskets ery upon the battle-field,
“ We soon shall be transform'd to prongs and spades.”
The twanging swords, that gleam, and flash, and blaze,
Cry, “ We shall soon, in vale and mountain-side,
Turn into scythes to cut the ripen'd grain.”
The spears sharp-pointed, too, have found a tongue ;
And blades of every kind and every name,
Spotted with blood, ery, “ War will soon be o'er !”
Ay, light increases, and thy visage grim
Grows grimmer still beneath its chasten'd rays.
Prick thy dark charger, prick him to the bone :
This wilderness of wreck shall be thy grave,
And thy last yell be heard when Cronstadt falls.

Even now, when musing in my hedge-row bower,
Hush'd by the calm of autumn, when the air
Hangs motionless around the echoing earth,
And the leaves fall away so quietly,
Reminding us of death, and the dark grave,—
Even now, when all alone in this sweet spot,
Communing with the spirits of the past,
Or toiling through the ground, where I am oft
Bruised in the cave of darkness, till my bones
Cry in their iron harness, and my soul
Longs to shake off this clay and be at rest,—
Even now an echo breaks upon my ear,
A glorious echo, never heard before,
Rolling sublimely o'er those half-scalp'd crags,

And ringing through the caverns of my mount.
"List, list! the last great battle is begun;
The final conflict has commenced its march;
The roar of warfare is about to end;
This the last struggle that will tear the world.
The dove of Peace is stirring in her nest,
To bear the olive-branch to every shore.
The holy Bible wins its widening way,
To teach humanity the lore of love.
The Gospel-morn is breaking in all lands,
To usher in the grand millennium.
Men have begun to throw their spears away,
And grasp the hammer for the scalping-knife.
War roars a dreadful roar,—it is his last."
And the grey rocks fling back, "IT IS HIS LAST."
Amen, so let it be! Thy kingdom come!
And the grey rocks reply, "THY KINGDOM COME."

MINOR POEMS.



MINOR POEMS.

THE MINER'S WIFE.

HE came not, though she waited still
Beside her own loved hearth,
Regardless of external things,—
Her playful baby's mirth;
Regardless of the rushing storm
That o'er the mountains came,
She sat with eyes intently fix'd
Upon the flickering flame.

He came not, though the young wife wept
As if her heart would break,
And fast the burning tears fell down
Upon her baby's cheek,
Who smiled as though he fain would snap
The melaucholy chain
That manacled his mother's soul,
And make her glad again.

He came not, though the silent hour—
The midnight hour—had pass'd;
And little baby fell asleep
Upon her lap at last.
She fondled with his golden hair,
And gazed around her home;
Unseen she breathed a fervent prayer:
“ Ah! will he never come?”

He came not, though the feeble light
Which hours ago was fired,
And flicker'd in the socket's cave,
Had finally expired!
Strange spirit-tones were heard to come
On every fitful breeze,
And hollow sounds were rushing through
The autumn-dropping trees.

He came not, though the morning's rays
Stream'd over lea and waste ;
But with it came a messenger,
A messenger in haste !
And his pale visage paler grew :
She read its import well :
" O God, defend the fatherless ! "
And to the earth she fell.

Ah ! while he labour'd long and hard,
To give his loved ones bread,
He fell among the ragged rocks,
And spoke not :—he was dead !
His spirit, suddenly set free,
Burst its frail shell of clay,
Shook off its trammels, and pursued
Its yet mysterious way ;—

Soar'd to the shadeless fields of light,
Far, far from pain and woe ;
For he had long girt up his loins,
And stood prepared to go,
Where now, in Eden's flowery vales,
He tunes a golden lyre,
And sings the great redemption-song,
With all the blood-wash'd choir !

The church-bell toll'd at evening-time ;
The mourners left the shed ;
And robin sang a requiem,—
A requiem for the dead.
The cold clods fell upon the bier ;
The funeral rite was o'er ;
And she who loved him once so dear,
Will gaze on him no more !

And now he sleeps as peacefully
Within his humble grave,
And slumbers on as quietly,
As sleep the blazon'd brave.
He fell not on the battle-field,
By bullet or by blade,
Yet perish'd as a hero should :—
Peace to the miner's shade !

In mournful garb of widowhood,
Across the path she 'll hie ;
You know it is the miner's wife
By tears which dim her eye ;
And, like a bird whose mate is flown,
She hastens to her nest,
And fondles with her little one,
And hugs it to her breast !

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER.

ONE quiet eve, when wandering forth,—
My daily task was o'er,—
I saw the miner's little girl
Beside her cottage-door.
A flower of rainbow-colour'd dyes,
Hid in the woodland glen,
She oped her pretty bright blue eyes,
Bedew'd with tear-drops then.
She sat upon the green grass bench,
Where honeysuckles spread,
Waving their milky coronals
Above her infant head.
The kitten sported on her knee,
The robin sang so clear ;
But on the cheek of innocence
I saw the falling tear.
She rose, and, sighing, said to me,
“ One sunny morn in May,
My father kiss'd me o'er and o'er,
Before he went away.
“ I watch'd him pass the hawthorn-tree,
Go down the primrose-lane,
Away, away, towards the mine :—
He ne'er came back again !
“ A rock came down, and father died,
Far, very far below
The green grass fields where we have walk'd ;—
My mother told me so.

“ And when I talk to her sometimes,
Just as I have to you,
She sighs so that she makes me sigh;
Her eyes are weeping, too !

“ And when she takes me on her knee,
To say my evening prayer,
She tells me father lives in heaven,
And we shall meet him there.

“ And though I am an orphan one,
And kind Papa is dead,
The Father of the fatherless
Will give the orphan bread.”

I wiped my eyes, and turn'd away;
But, floating o'er the plain,
Among the closing flowers I heard
Her sad melodious strain.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice ! it haunts me when
I 'm sitting in my cot,
Surrounded with my little ones,
The sharers of my lot !
Their voices chime, like music-chords,
Within my cottage-nest :
But this is heard above them all,
The sweetest and the best !

I hear it when the midnight winds
Are rushing o'er my head,
And busy thought drives sleep away
From visiting my bed.
It comes on slumber's downy wings,
'T is blended with my dreams,
When wandering over unknown lands,
Among the crystal streams.

I hear it when the storm is high,
And when the winds are still;
I hear it in the shelter'd vale,
And on the storm-beat hill.

Yes ! floating o'er its locks of heath,
That silvery voice I hear,
Above the ruins of the past,
In cadence sweet and clear.

I hear it in the busy throng ;
I hear it when alone ;
I hear it in the rock-ribb'd earth,
The same melodious tone !
I hear it when my heart is sad,
I hear it when I'm gay ;
It floats around me everywhere,
That sweetest voice for aye !

It leads me back when life was new ;
Tells of those happy hours
I pass'd in childhood's sunny vale,
Among the opening flowers ;
Talks to me of my mountain home,
That home of homes to me,
Engraven on my heart of hearts,
For ever there to be !

The music of this voice I hear,
Above the world's rough roar,
Like whispers from another sphere,
Some calm Elysian shore ;
Sweet harp-notes from the lyre of Time,
Around me and within,
They gush with conquering ecstasy
To lure my soul from sin.

I hear it in the moonlight bower,
And by the murmuring stream ;
I hear it when spring's earliest flower
Leaps in the sun's glad beam.
In weal, or woe, where'er I be
Upon this whirling sphere,
Above the thunderings of the world
My mother's voice I hear !

TO MY BOWER.

DEAR natural bower ! what a pleasure to greet
Thy heath-hanging roof and thy moss-cover'd seat !
'T is not very long I have fled from thy sight ;
Yet since, in perspective, I've seen thee so bright,
So clothed with thy mantle of sky-colour'd light,
That I'd leave the great world at this tear-dropping hour,
Could I muse once again in my heath-cover'd bower !

From the chit-chat of life how delicious to steal
To this grotto of quiet, my sadness to heal !
'T is like balm to my spirit, like rest to my frame,
When I gaze on the heath whence my forefathers came.
How familiar each rock in its ivy-clad throne !
How each hedge to my eye-ball distinctly is known !
How I love the fresh breeze ! How I prize the young flower
That smiles forth at spring in my heath-cover'd bower !

How sweet in this cave of retirement to kneel,
When the hallowing awe of devotion I feel,
And when to the God of my being I pray,
Who has guided me over life's thorn-piercing way !
How delicious the feast 'neath the mantle of even,
To drink of the streamlet meandering from heaven !
'T is a sacred retreat where the song-spirits cower ;
They sing their soft lays in my heath-cover'd bower !

We've been friends a long time in sorrow and glee ;
Each day thou art dearer and dearer to me.
I love thee so well, I cannot but sigh
When I think,—O, how sad !—we must part by and bye.
The sigh of the rill in the distance is heard,
And mingled with this is the plaint of the bird ;
A seraph's bright pinions are brooding above,
And around me is floating the music of love ;
Angelical lays, on the drops of the shower,
Fall down from the sky in my heath-cover'd bower !

And when the wan moon, from her throne in the sky,
Gilds the mountain's crisp heath-locks that rustle hard by ;
When the sky-lark has hung his mute lyre on the cloud,
And the light dews are dropping on twilight's dim shroud ;

When under the hawthorn my closet is made,
And I look to my Father, imploring his aid ;
Methinks I then feel such a life-giving power,
As lifts me to heaven from my heath-cover'd bower !

Man bows down to something he dares to enshrine,
Around which for ever his heart-strings entwine,—
Some being angelic, some angel of worth,
Some sacred retreat, some green nook of this earth :
Ay, he clings, ever clings, to the place of his birth !
The home of his childhood, though oceans may sever,
Possesseth those charms which attract him for ever.
And I have one spot, Nature's bountiful dower,
The sweetest of all :—'t is my heath-cover'd bower !

What a peaceable spot ! Not a motion of strife
Disturbs you, or ripples the current of life.
The din of the city affrights you no more :
At peace you may talk with the heroes of yore,
With spirits that long have departed on high,
To the home of the blest in the star-dotted sky !
'T is the fane of the Muse, where no sadness can lower :
The breezes have lyres in my heath-cover'd bower !

It may not attract you, when seen from afar ;
But to me it shines forth like a beautiful star.
'T is more precious to me, the lone warbling one,
Than the wood-waving land where my kindred have gone.
I would dwell in this heath-nook my life's little day ;
And when the tired spirit shall flutter away,
O lay me to rest where will bloom the wild flower,
And the breezes sing sweet,—in my heath-cover'd bower !

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE.

HE stood upon his native mount,
And gazed upon the sky :
'T was bluer than 't was wont to be,
Or *look'd* so to his eye.
And when the evening sun went down
Behind the wavy west,
The tear-drop glisten'd in his eye,
And heaved his labouring breast.

The music of the evening bells
Came on the harping breeze ;
And O how sweet, how passing sweet,
It floated through the trees !
Dame Nature tuned her sweetest lyre,
Or *seem'd* to tune it, then :
He never heard such melody,
Nor hoped to hear again !

The peasants in the vale below
Were at their evening meal ;
And when the merry village hum
Did o'er his senses steal,
He turned away his aching eye
From scenes so dear beneath,
And dropp'd a tear in solitude
Upon the rustling heath.

O ! there were notes too sweet to last,
That swept across the plain ;
And there were shadows of the past,
That flash'd athwart his brain :
And there were in his watery eye,
Around him and above,
In every corner of the sky,
Sweet images of love !

He thought the first bright flowers of May
Had never look'd so fair,
As when his last long lingering glance
He bent upon them there.
He kiss'd the little murmuring stream
Within his native dell,
And, as the evening star came forth,
He sigh'd his last farewell !

The moon arose, and shower'd her beams
Upon the ivied rocks,
And twined her silver tissues with
The mountain's heather-locks ;
When, with his hawthorn staff in hand,
He left his cottage-door,
And wander'd to a foreign land,
To see his home no more.

TO MY LYRE.

LITTLE music-breathing lyre !
Once again I touch thy wire ;
Once again a song I raise,
Little warbler, in thy praise.
On my father's broomy height,
In life's morning, clear and bright,
'Neath the craggy rocks, which lie
With white faces to the sky,
Lichen'd o'er with many a lay
Of the old times pass'd away,
Stony chroniclers outspread
On my mountain's heathy head,—
In their mystic shadows lone
First I heard thy plaintive tone ;
First my hands essay'd to bring
Music from thy trembling string,
And my soul's mysterious fire
Warm'd to hear thee, little lyre !

Years have pass'd away since then :
I among the walks of men
Toil and sweat with wounded heart,
'Neath lean Care's oppressive dart :
But, when digging in the ground,
Oft thy tones are tingling round ;
Oft I hear thy simple strain
Floating over hill and plain ;
And when Danger's self is near,
And I see the face of Fear
Peering o'er some ragged rock,
Falling with a dreadful shock
In the mine's dark chamber, I
Think upon thee with a sigh.
Little, honest, simple friend,
Be thou with me till the end ;
For, unnoticed though thou be,
Thou art more than gold to me !

Oft when evening shades close o'er
Mead and mountain, mine and moor ;

When the hedger's task is done,
Through the rushes let us run ;
And beside the pool we'll sit,
Where the sportive swallows flit,
And the spotted fishes play,
Watching daylight die away ;
And the sparrows on the eaves,
And the robins mid the sheaves,
And the flowers, with garments bright,
All shall minister delight.
Then the night-bird will awake
His low ditty from the brake,
And sweet spirit-notes shall come,
Mingling with the milk-maid's hum.
When we have an hour to spend,
We will haste there, little friend.

In some old cave, dank and dim,
We will chant our vesper-hymn,
When the winds, with angry sweep,
Drive their coursers o'er the deep,
And descends the beating rain,
Falling on the sounding plain.
In the bower where Silence dwells,
We will list the evening bells,
And their merry chimes shall raise
Memories of our April days.
Through the hamlet we will stray,
Where the happy children play,
In the deep romantic glen
Musing on the ways of men.
Over rock, by ruin'd tower,
In the poet's broomy bower,
Under hawthorns white with May,
We will muse at close of day.

But this pleasure oft denied,—
Wandering on the mountain's side,
With the streamlet through the wood,
By the zephyr-rippled flood,
O'er the fragrant fields of hay,
Where the youthful lovers stray,
Down the path by Franky's gap,
Where mole-catcher sets his trap ;

Creeping forth with beating heart,
 Watching setting suns depart,
 Listening oft the thatcher's lay,
 As he shaves the reed away,
 All alone when day has died,—
 Pleasures to us oft denied.
 But when comes the liberty,
 Sweeter will our ramblings be :
 With what eager steps we'll haste,
 Nature's solitude to taste !

Sitting on some grassy seat,
 With the brooklet at our feet,
 Murmuring quietly along,
 We will sing a solemn song ;
 And our thoughts shall fleetly hie
 Where the coffin'd sleepers lie.
 Friends departed shall arise
 Up before our weeping eyes.
 We will watch, when day is done,
 Pale stars come forth one by one,
 And the young moon's silvery beam
 Falling on the glassy stream.
 Little lyre, we here will dwell,
 In fair Nature's silent cell.
 The rude world will miss us not,
 All unnoticed and forgot,
 Worshipping with tearful eye
 The great God of earth and sky.

TO A CLUSTER OF PRIMROSES.

Your graces have been sung
 By bards of sweetest strain ;
 But this shall tune my humble lyre,—
 I see you once again !
 I see you peeping forth
 Beneath the budding trees,
 And I adore the Mighty One
 Who made such flowers as these !

Stars of the wakening dell,
Ye constellations bright,
How like the eyes of those we love
Ye steal upon the sight !
Blushing in solitude,
Where Peace and Silence reign,
Ye early children of the spring,
I see you once again !
Ye come and pass away,
As gayer roses do !
For many friends, since last spring-tide,
Have pass'd away with you.
In this sweet primrose-dell,
Ye blossom but to wane :
Thank God for His preserving care,—
I see you once again !

A little while ago,
These banks were very dry ;
But now they are the loveliest spots
Beneath the April sky.
And since I see you here,
O let me not complain,
But put my trust in Providence ;—
I see you once again !

Chaste, lovely little things !
Dame Nature nurses you ;
Ye quaff the breeze that murmurs by,
And drink the falling dew :
And 't is my faith that He
Who made the primrose-flower,
Can raise my body from the dust
To bloom in Eden's bower !

THE BLIND MINER-BARD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

“ LEAD me upon the common. How I thirst
To drink once more the carol of the lark,
Pour'd forth above the clamour of the world !
Take my rough hand, my daughter. Once I loved

To gaze into thine eyes so beautiful,—
Those dark-blue eyes that look'd up to thy sire,
As we together climb'd the breezy hills,
Or walk'd among the rushes of the vale,
Or pluck'd the wild flowers in our grassy meads,
Or watch'd the swallows dipping in the brook.
Once I rejoiced to see thy sunny smile ;
But the soft pressure of thy tiny hand,
And the sweet music of thy cherub-voice,
Is all that's left me now. That fierce fire-blast,
How suddenly, how fatally it came,
When in the deep caves of the hollow'd earth
I dug for daily bread ! The hole burst quick,
And left me dark ! 'T is but twelve months ago,
We two walk'd here between those granite hills,
And I beheld them in the blessed light
Rising on high, like pyramids of flowers !
Dost thou remember how we paused, entranced,
By the old stile where honeysuckles grow,
When from the low porch of the cottager
The little robin sang his sweetest song ?
Dost thou remember how thy father gazed,
And strain'd his vision up the mount's steep sides,
Till the hot tear-drops came ? Now what a night
Is resting on those scenes magnificent !

“ How beautiful the sounds of Nature are
To a blind captive, wandering in the dark !
How soul-reviving is this gentle breeze,
Straying among those rocks so musical,
Like the low cadence of some wandering bard !
The softest zephyr is a wave of song.
Methinks I never heard it so till now :
When light was in mine eyes, those sounds were dull ;
Now they are tingling in my ears like lyres !
Are we upon the heath, the fragrant heath ?
Methinks I smell it. Is it so, my child ? ”

“ Yes ; we've been wandering here step after step,
And you not know it, father ? You are blind.
The sheep are frighten'd at my poor dark sire !
See how they look at us, then haste away !
Shall we sit down beneath this splinter'd oak,

Where you have led me many a summer's eve,
And oft would smooth the hair upon my brow,
And kiss my cheek, and talk to me of God,
And holy angels, happy in the sky?"

And as she gazed up in her father's face,
And thought upon his blindness and his woe,
Her heart grew sad, and tears ran down her cheek.

"Yes, daughter, 'neath this oak we'll sit once more.
Mid the heath-thickets don't you hear the wren,
Gabbling in childhood, like a noisy wench?
And down upon me comes the lark's full flood,
As if the bright gates of the western sky
Oped, and the holy songs of angel-land
Fill'd the soul-chambers of the poor blind one.
Now guide me up the mountain's lonely path,
And we will stand upon its naked crown,
And list the murmurs of the noisy world.
Open thy book, my daughter, and write down
Thy father's thoughts,—a wild Lay to the Wind.

"LYRE of the mountains! how thy ringing chords,
Swept by the hands of high Omnipotence,
Sound through the deep recesses of my soul!
Whence comest thou, we know not;—rushing by,
Whither thou goest, none on earth can tell.
Old hoary oaks are bended in thy clutch,
And twitch'd up in a moment. Rocks of flint
Are lever'd over with thy boisterous breath,
And down the hills they leap in fiery bounds.
Thou snatchest up the mighty ships of war,
And dashest them against the sunken rocks,
Bruising them to the depths! Straw-cover'd sheds
O'er earth are sprinkled with thy mutterings loud;
And grim Destruction, clad in coarsest rags,
Shricks doleful dirges on thy heavy wings!
But there are moments when thy pulses beat
In unison with the poetic mind,
Even as thy calm breath comes to me just now.
O thou dread power, thou sprite invisible,
Holding high converse with the hills and vales,
And giving to the trees, and mountain-peaks,
And glens, and caves, wild music and a tongue

Once more I wrap me in thy awful skirts,
And list thy lay, O Wind."

The blind bard ceased.

His daughter press'd the lines into his hand ;
And as they travell'd homeward by the stream,
Whose freshest murmurs ran through all his veins,
She wiped her eyes, and said, "The moon is come :
I see her, father, shining through the trees :
The glow-worms sparkle on the river's banks,
And o'er our cottage smiles a little star.
You cannot see them, father ; for your eyes
Are dark as midnight on the mossy moors.
Ah ! will you ne'er behold the sky again,
Or gaze upon our pale sick mother's face,
Or mark the sunlight dancing on the sea ?
Poor, poor blind father, won't you see again ?"

"No, daughter, I shall never ope these lids on earth.
They're seal'd with darkness. Often in my dreams
I think I see the sunlight on the hills,
The waving forests, and the ships at sea :
But when I start from my illusive trance,
And find the world all shadow as before,
I often wish to sleep the sleep of death !
O, how these shatter'd orbs will glow in heaven,
When the full glories of Jerusalem
Shall burst upon my spirit's ravish'd gaze !
But the Lord gave, and He hath ta'en away,
And blessed be His name ! I wait His time."

"Yes, father, live for me ;—you're all I have.
I'll watch you when the great world stands aloof ;
I'll lead you forth at eve in bowers you love ;
I'll pluck the flowerets for you in the spring ;
I'll read the Bible to you by our hearth,
And, when you wish, a spirit-page of song :
I'll cheer your wintry life with stories sweet ;
I'll kiss you when you weep, and love you much.
Come gently now over this wooden bridge,
Spanning the brooklet leading to our home.
Sister is standing by our rustic door,
And pointing to the moon-lit hills afar.
When I kneel down and say my prayers to-night,
I'll pray to God for you."

EVENING FAMILY WORSHIP.

THAT summer-eve was beautiful,
As, round the peasant's board,
The father and his family
Knelt down with one accord,
And for the mercies of the day
Kind Providence adored.

How sweetly does their evening hymn
Float down the silent vale,
O'er which meek Twilight gently draws
Her soft subduing veil,
And Philomela stops to hear
It trembling on the gale !

And now the solemn voice of prayer
Comes from that humble door :
The godless traveller pauses oft,
To hear it on the moor.
That holy sound ! it conquers him ;
He learns to sin no more.

On such a scene, that sober eve,
The harpers of the sky
Look'd down, with instruments unstrung
And pleasure-beaming eye,
As the sweet accents of their tongue
Ascended up on high !

And duly, as the evening shades
Steal o'er the mountains grey,
This pious peasant family
Together kneel and pray.
Has earth a lovelier sight than this ?
All nature answers, " Nay."

MY OWN BELOVED HILLS.

My own beloved hills !

How beautiful ye rise,
In all your heathy majesty,
Ascending to the skies !
A cottage here and there
Is glancing from your crest,
And many a little tender flower
Is nursed upon your breast.

My own beloved hills !

My thoughts fly up to you,
When chain'd in Plutus' copper-caves
With the hard-toiling crew.
My own beloved hills !
The dwelling-place of Rest,
The summer-home of Solitude !
Of hills, all hills, the best !

And when I dream of peace,
I always dream of you :—

Of sublunary happiness ?

Then ye are present too !—

Of spots of purest joy,

Gladden'd by sun and shower ?

Why, then my spirit quaffs the breeze

Within my mountain bower !

Well, here I am again

On Nature's rocky throne,

Weaving the locks of Solitude !

Once more I am alone !

And as on each dear nook

I rest my watery eye,

I 'm thankful that I have again

The happiness to sigh ;—

The happiness to weep

Apart from human eyes,

Watch'd only by the birds and flowers

Of silver hues and dyes !

Watch'd only by my Father God,

Who all creation fills,

Who made the flower-enamell'd vales,

And my beloved hills !

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

THE month of song is come,
The murmur of the bee,
The cuckoo shouting round my home,
The blackbird from the lea :
The skylark in the sky
Strikes his enchanting lyre ;
But gushing tears are in mine eye
For my departed sire !
He fell, and, falling, found
The victory he implored ;
Death's sting had been extracted by
The God whom he adored !
And, with his dying breath,
Sweet words of comfort came :
He shouted, pierced by cruel Death,
His strong Deliverer's name !
Stretch'd on affliction's rack,
The iron in his bones,
No murmur pass'd his sainted lips,
No murmur in his groans.
Resign'd, submissive, meek,
He waited for the change,
When angel-bands would guide him hence
Through fields of light to range.
I saw him smote by death,
And close his languid eye :—
Sure, fiends at such a scene might weep,
To see a Christian die !
He doff'd his weeds of care
For an angelic vest,
And on a Christian Sabbath-eve
He gain'd the promised rest !
My father lives in heaven !
I weep not, though he 's flown :
I have a sainted parent now
Before the' eternal throne !
O may his weeping wife
And orphan children see
Him feasting in those starry fields !
“ Amen ! so let it be ! ”

He left no wealth behind,
 No riches but his name ;
 No honour but his honesty :
 He was unknown to fame.
 His grave is with the poor,
 The rude, unletter'd clan ;
 But from the tomb a voice breaks forth,
 " He was an honest man ! "

Thank God for such a sire !
 He taught my lips to pray,
 And bade me bend my infant knee
 In childhood's early day.
 Thank God for such a sire !
 'Tis much to be thus riven ;
 But now he strikes a golden lyre,
 And swells the songs of heaven !

THE BRASEN SERPENT.

THE sun was setting, and the silver moon
 Had reach'd the summit of the awful Mount,
 And gazed upon the camps of Israel
 As kindly as she looks on us to-night,—
 When, from his tent, the weary traveller,
 Who many years had journey'd o'er the wild,
 Led by his Father through the wilderness
 Nearer and nearer to the Promised Land,
 Yet oft complaining in his wanderings
 Of thorns and briers scattered in his way,
 And murmuring because of unbelief,—
 He, at the silent, solemn hour of eve,
 When all was quiet as the sleeping babe,
 Went forth alone to wander. Suddenly
 A fiery serpent hiss'd across his track,
 And, whirling round him, caused his flesh to shake.
 He rush'd back to his tent ; but on it came,
 And struck him down e'en at his dwelling's door ;
 And soon its poison-fangs were in his blood,
 And life was ebbing fleetly.

“Haste thee, haste,
And gaze upon the brasen serpent there !
For if thy death-struck eye, which closes fast,
Can only bend on it a twilight gleam,
One glance will bring thee back to life again.”
So cried his wife, and so his little ones,
And onward, onward flew the dying man.

The vale was fill'd with flowers of loveliest hue,
And softly, sadly, sobb'd the rivulet,
As if it mourn'd because the people died !
O could he reach the summit of that hill
Whose woody crest is just before him there,
On whose calm head the moon is resting now,
And peering down the mountain's shaggy sides,
As if she sorrow'd for the stricken one !
O could he reach the summit of that hill,
And turn his dying eye down in the vale !
He 'd see his Saviour, and the dead would live.

He 's struggling up the difficult ascent,
But, ah ! his strength is failing, and his heart
Beats hard against his side, and down he sinks,—
Then up he rises, and goes on again !
And now he crawls, because his strength is gone,
And fever's fury darts through every vein :
And now he lays him down, and longs to die !
One struggle more, and thou art saved, poor man !
He reaches forth, and grasps the mountain's locks,
And drags himself along !—He 's up, he 's up !
When life's last ray had quiver'd to depart,
He turn'd his closing eye, and saw the sign,—
Saw it, and lived, and was a healthy man !

Even so must he, stung by the serpent, Sin,
Feeling the venom rankling in his soul,
Turn his fix'd eye, and gaze upon the Cross ;
And, gazing on the Saviour, shall be saved !

A PRIMROSE IN WINTER.

SWEET little nursling of the storm,
Why dost thou look so pale ?
How is thy tender, fragile form
Shook by the wintry gale !

Art thou a spirit of the flowers
Which once this hedge-row lined,
Come back to tell of other lands,
Where thou hast been enshrined ?

Dost thou not, little shivering one,
Sweet hopes and memories bring,
The earliest of ten thousand buds,
The harbinger of Spring ?

Art thou not come to glad my sight,
Now adverse fortunes frown,—
A momentary comforter,
A star in Winter's crown ?

I fear the ruthless frost will come,
And kill thee, little sweet !
Too early hast thou found our home
Within this wild retreat.

Come, sing a song of far-off lands,
Before the snows have birth,
And the hoarse whirlwind howl thy dirge,
And smite thee to the earth !

Sweet one, the earliest and the best !
Thy moments are but few ;
Thou shouldst have come with other flowers,
To drink the April dew !

But thou art like the child of song,
Who blossoms ere his time ;
Whose soul, too daring, falls before
The rigour of its cline.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

O'ER Bethlehem's silver'd spires,
 A host of sparkling fires
 Came glittering through the night;
 And Slumber shook her wings
 O'er all terrestrial things,
 Low plain and sleepy height.
 At midnight's solemn hour,
 Neglected, poor, forlorn,
 The mighty Prince of power,
 The King of Kings, was born.
 No lofty palace rear'd
 Its roof above His head:
 But hungry oxen shared
 The Saviour's manger-bed.
 And here the Virgin's Son,
 Neglected by the gay,
 The universal One,
 The world's Redeemer, lay.

A star in heaven's blue page
 Attracts the wondering sage,
 And leads him on to worship and adore
 Him who, in swaddling-bands,
 Nursed by the Virgin's hands,
 Had all possess'd,—but for our sakes was poor.

The wakeful shepherd hears
 The music of the spheres:
 He starts and listens on the midnight wild:
 For, O, delicious sound!
 Soft notes are gushing round,
 Chiming sweet welcome to the Holy Child:
 And, gazing upward through the melting air,
 A host of angels bright
 Is hovering on his sight,
 Chanting a song to man sublimely fair:
 “Glory to God on high,
 And peace on earth!” they cry,
 “Good-will to man! The Saviour's born,—
 The Saviour, promised at life's morn:
 Glory to God on high!”

Ye hoary mountains, ring !
 Ye hollow valleys, sing !
 And let your anthems reach the sky.
 Ye moss-grown rocks, break out !
 Ye flowing rivers, shout,
 " Glory to God on high ! "

Ye tuneful birds, proclaim
 The Saviour's holy name !
 Ye trees, by withering Autumn shorn !
 Ye flowers, that bloom to die !
 Raise, raise your voice on high :
 " The Saviour Christ is born. "

SPRING.

Go out into the fields ;
 Go out among the flowers :
 Once more, in Nature's budding-time,
 This privilege is ours !
 The lark soars up ! up ! up !
 The white-wing'd clouds among :
 Go out into the meadows, go
 And listen to his song.

Ye little smiling flowers,
 Coming at Nature's call,
 Bright buds of promise, hail to you !
 Sweet welcome to you all !
 The sun looks forth to-day,
 Gilding your eyelids bright,
 Painting your emerald diadems,
 Kissing you into light !

Along the fresh hedge-row
 The panting zephyr strays,
 And in the grassy meadow-bower
 The little lambkin plays.
 The spirit of the spring
 Is harping in the air ;
 A thousand blended music-notes
 Are floating everywhere.

How softly steals the rill
Along its pebbly bed !
Murmuring sweet songs of fatherland,
To which our hearts are wed ;
Reminding us of days,
In life's awakening spring,
When Hope the sunny future drew,
Hung round with blossoming !

Go out into the fields ;
Gaze on the violet's eye ;
It blossoms, by the waterfall,
Blue as the summer sky.
There 's nought above, below,
Shining in heaven or earth,
But tells thee of the power of Him
Who spake it into birth.

THE STRANGE DISTRIBUTION OF WORLDLY WEALTH.

I MET an aged man,
And hoary was his hair ;
His step was faltering, and his brow
Was deeply mark'd with care.
The snows of fourscore years
Were heap'd upon his head ;
And all his childhood's glad compeers,
And youthful friends, were dead.

A rich embroider'd vest,
Of texture wondrous fine,
Environ'd his majestic breast ;—
He look'd almost divine.
Kind Providence had shower'd
Rich treasures at his feet ;
He scarcely stoop'd to gather them :
The world pronounced him great.

Affliction's chastening rod
Marr'd not his happy hours :
He walk'd with health and affluence
O'er life's bright beds of flowers.

Sickness he never knew ;
 Want was a thing unknown ;
 Nor grief nor sorrow ever sat
 Upon his spirit's throne.

I met him on my track
 Beneath the summer sky,
 This hoary, healthy, hale old man ;
 And, as he pass'd me by,
 (Birds caroll'd high in air,
 Bright flowerets gemm'd the sod,)
 He smote the dust in agony,
 And wildly cursed his God !

I wander'd down the dell,
 And, by the singing brook,
 I saw an aged pilgrim lean
 Upon his pastoral crook.
 Rags were upon his back,
 Grief in his rending sigh,
 Diseases rack'd his bandaged limbs ;
 But heaven was in his eye !

He was a man of God,
 Yet Want walk'd at his side :
 He served his Maker faithfully,
 Yet griefs were multiplied.
 But, in the midst of woe,
 He never did complain ;
 Content to battle with his lot,
 Let it be ease or pain.

He stood beside the stream,
 In penury's ragged vest ;
 Raising his eyes to heaven, he said,
 " Whatever is, is best.
 The thorns along my way
 But goad me to the Cross ;
 The treasures of this fleeting earth
 For Christ I count but loss ! "

The wind-wing'd hours fleet by :
 Whence comes that piercing wail,
 Mingled with horrid blasphemies,
 Startling the breezy vale ?

The rich man's dread death-groan !
 Life's freezing fountains cease :
 He gnash'd his teeth, and howl'd, and died :—
 The *pilgrim's* end was peace !

Riches God values not,
 Though we in wealth may roll :
 A higher, holier principle
 Within the humble soul
 Is only prized by Him
 Who rules below, above,—
 The loftiest, loveliest boon of heaven,—
 The gem of genuine love !

TELLING ME OF GOD.

BESIDE a little murmuring stream
 I saw two children play,
 What time still Evening came along,
 Clad in her sober grey.
 The one a little ruddy boy,
 So beautiful and fair ;
 The other was a sweet young girl,
 Fresh as the mountain-air.

They ran along the brooklet's side,
 Until they both grew tired :
 " What does the stream say, sister dear ?"
 The little lad inquired.
 " O, does it of my father tell,
 Who cross'd the ocean-wave,
 And never, never more came back,
 To weep o'er mother's grave ?"

She gazed into her brother's face,—
 How sisterly ! how dear !
 Brush'd back the ringlets o'er his brow,
 And kiss'd away the tear ;
 Then raised her flashing eyes to heaven
 From earth's corrupted clod :
 " This little streamlet, murmuring by,
 Is telling us of God."

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And now, whene'er I stand beside
 A little tinkling stream,
 The image of those pretty ones
 Is with me in my dream.
 The birds that carol, and the breeze
 That fans the flowery sod,
 All Nature's sweetest murmurings
 Are TELLING ME OF GOD.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST!

SUGGESTED ON HEARING A MISSIONARY SPEECH
 BY GEORGE SMITH, F.A.S.

HAIL! hail! all hail! I thank you for the strain,
 Sublime and musical,—“The world for Christ!”
 So sings the mountain-bard; and so the breeze,
 Shaking the dew-drops from the heather-bell;
 And so the bright spring-flowers, from mossy nooks
 Out-peeping in their blushing quietude!
 And so the songsters on each budding bough;
 And so the river in its murmurings:
 These sing, in music-tones, “The world for Christ!”

'T is written on the earth, “The world for Christ!”
 Mountains cloud-capt and hoary, where the snow
 Clings freezingly around their frozen peaks,
 Quenching the sunbeams in their flashing gaze,
 And sporting with the hissing thunderbolt;
 Valleys replete with music, full of song,
 And teeming with the essence of their God;
 Forests august, whose age has not been told,
 Stretching behind the Mountains of the Moon;
 The whine of deserts, and the trill of groves;
 The mountain-torrent with its thunder-crash,
 And the hoarse brooklet winding through our meads;—
 All Nature, with clear voice and eloquent,
 Pours forth the ceaseless song, “The world for Christ!”

The sea takes up the echo: coral caves,
 Millions of sparkling gems and shining shells,

Rocks buried in the bosom of the deep,
Foam-crested waves that break upon the shore,
And the blue tide that laves the sandy beach,—
Are ever uttering forth, “The world for Christ!”

’Tis flashing through the air, “The world for Christ!”
Angels, with golden lyres and golden wings,
Have left the bright green banks of Paradise,
And fill the welkin with their sweetest notes.
With heavenly harps they praise the King of kings :
The solemn echo this,—“The world for Christ!”

All hell is troubled. Devils hear the sound,
And quake and tremble in their smoky dens,
And gnash their teeth, and roll their blazing eyes,
And, from the whirlpool of destruction, glare,
As rings the dark pit round, “The world for Christ!”

England takes fire, and her ten thousand sons,
With throbbing hearts, cry out, “The world for Christ!”
He has redeem’d it, therefore ’t is His own !
Systems are quaking which for ages stood ;
Diana totters on her pedestal ;
The giant Hercules is giving way ;
And infidels grow dizzy with amaze !
The isles are shaking at His near approach ;
Old Heathen oracles are obsolete ;
Their gods are famish’d, and their temples bare.
Amen ! So let it be ! “The world for Christ!”

THE CHILD’S FIRST PRAYER.

WEARY with play, the little boy
Unto his mother ran,
Who kiss’d his pretty smiling face
As only mother can :
And, bending o’er her little one,
She wept, although she smiled,
And taught him this, his first sweet prayer,—
“Our Father, bless thy child!”

Among the dewy flowers of May
He and his mother walk'd :
Summers and winters had pass'd by :—
How lovingly they talk'd !
Sweet was the music of their lips
That so the hour beguiled :
He knelt among the flowers, and said,
“ Our Father, bless thy child ! ”

Behold him in the churchyard shed
Tears, bitter tears of woe :
His mother weeps beside him, too :—
His father is laid low !
But suddenly he stills the storm
Of bursting passion wild ;
And, bending o'er the grave, he says,
“ Our Father, bless thy child ! ”

He stood upon a foreign shore,
To stately manhood grown ;
His mother to the better land
A long, long time had flown.
And here, where Nature's sentinels
In frowning ranks were filed,
He raised his eyes to heaven, and said,
“ Our Father, bless thy child ! ”

This, through the changing scene of life,
Did not from memory part ;
His mother's voice was in his ear,
Her lesson in his heart.
And wheresoe'er his lot might be,
In storms and tempests wild,
This was the pilgrim's sweetest prayer,—
“ Our Father, bless thy child ! ”

His locks were silver'd o'er with age,
And dim his watery eye,
When, on a Christian Sabbath-eve,
He laid him down to die.
He fell asleep so peacefully,
And, O ! so sweetly smiled,
And whisper'd with his dying breath,
“ Our Father, bless thy child ! ”

DEATH'S VISITS.

THE hearth-stone of the peasant's cot
Was lighted up with joy :
Beside its sacred embers sat
The mother with her boy.
His little daughters frolick'd wild
Upon their father's knee ;
And Hope sat down, bedeck'd with flowers,
And supp'd with Memory !

Ah ! who can tell, but those who feel
The witcheries of that board,
The holy spells of hallow'd home,—
Earth's paradise restored ?
Such is this scene : child, father, kneel,
And say their evening prayer,
With clasped hands, and eyes upraised :—
Can sadness enter there ?

Death at the door is knocking loud,
With aspect gaunt and grim :
He enters, with his shoulder'd scythe,
(All places are for him !)
And mows the pious father down
As quickly as the flower,
Nor heeds the lamentable wail
Within that rifled bower.

On, on he goes ! Beneath an oak
Gamboll'd a ruddy boy,
Well pleased, in twilight's gathering shades,
With cap and book and toy.
His mother idolized the lad ;
He was his sire's delight :—
The fleshless monster cut him down
In his struck parents' sight !

That night, upon the troubled deep,
The king of terrors came :
Mid ragged shrouds and rending masts
He smote with fire and flame !

Old hoary tars before him fell,
 Fell at his swoop sublime,
 Whose greedy maw, insatiate,
 Devour'd the fruits of time.

Away, away, at God's behest,
 The grisly phantom hied,
 Entering a hedger's straw-roof'd nest
 Upon the mountain's side.
 He long lay withering on his couch
 Beneath the fever's breath :
 He raised his head at his approach,
 And, smiling, welcomed Death !

Down in the darksome mine he went :
 A lover labour'd there,
 Who left that morn, beside the stream,
 The fairest of the fair.
 Death smote him with his icy dart ;
 And off the monster soar'd,
 Riffling the olive-leaves which hung
 Around the good man's board.

That night the muffled mower came,
 And the bold veteran slew,
 Who pass'd unscathed through war's red flame,
 Unscarr'd at Waterloo ;
 Rush'd through the palace ; on the tower
 His dismal flag unfurl'd ;
 Cut down the ripe ear with the flower,
 And stalk'd around the world !

MY LITTLE MAID THANKING GOD AT SUPPER-TIME.

THE daylight on the hills
 Was fading fast away ;
 The labourer to his home return'd,
 And children tired of play ;
 When, in my cottage-home,
 Beneath our Father's eye,
 We sat down to our evening meal,
 My little ones and I.

That day had been a day
 Of trial and of care ;
 And I was musing on the past,
 Not heeding who were there.
 I fear I ate my meal
 Not thinking whence it came ;
 Not thanking God at supper-time,—
 I speak it to my shame !

But when my little maid
 Had laid aside her cup,
 And kiss'd her mother many a time,
 And pick'd the fragments up,
 She clasp'd her hands, and said,
 As sweetly as could be,
 " I thank Thee, Father, for my food,
 For sister and for me."

My heart is not *all* stone ;
 The adamant gave way ;
 My child had taught me in that hour
 Just what *I* ought to say.
 The simplest note we hear,
 The humblest flower we see,
 Oft teach us, Father, in dark days,
 Our gratitude to Thee !

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

NIGHT's inky mantle cloak'd old Egypt's head,
 Wrapping her towers in gloom : Silence was there,
 And Slumber nodded on the battlements ;
 Labour lay down, and press'd his weary brow,
 Unclosed his harden'd hands, shut his dull eyes,
 And fell asleep as sweetly as a child.
 The task-gall'd Hebrew, slumbering on his couch,
 Forgot his cruel master's iron yoke,
 And ceased to roam the ragged stubble-field.
 The babe lay nestled on its mother's breast,
 And the young bridegroom clasp'd his blooming bride,
 Deeming the earth a Paradise of bliss !
 The music of the lute had died away ;

And he who framed the awe-crown'd pyramid
 That looks and laughs at the destroyer, Time,
 Laid down his chisel and forgot his plan.
 The murmur of the ocean came and went ;
 And the lone nightingale, on the green palm,
 Warbled such music to the crescent moon,
 That showers of dew-beads fell upon the grass.
 The sporting billows, on the glassy Nile,
 Kept up their love-race on its heaving breast,
 Kissing the lotos-flowers upon its brink,
 And curling round the ancient pottery-float.
 Amidst such loveliness, at this calm time,
 Forth walk'd the grim Destroyer, and his feet
 Echo alike in corridor and cot !

Arm'd with dread power, lo ! the death-angel comes,
 And sweeps away the first-born in his ire,—
 The rosebud opening 'neath its mother's eye,
 The schoolboy dreaming of his lexicons,
 The youth, with all his distant primrose-paths,
 The bridegroom, and his newly wedded bride,
 The middle-aged man, and him who crept
 Adown the hill of time, grey-hair'd and slow ;
 The peasant, slumbering on his bed of straw,
 And him who trembled on his princely couch ;
 The wakeful mourner, sighing with his pain,
 And the slow-pacing, silent sentinel ;
 The beggar, weeping in his blasted rags,
 And him who bended o'er his shining heaps.
 All these, in one short hour, death-struck and stiff,
 Became the sweeper's prey !

On, on he goes,
 Lopping off branches from the household tree,
 Sprinkling the hearth with tears, and pauses not
 Till on the door-posts marks of blood are seen ;
 For here the Hebrew slumbers ! Pharaoh rose,
 And call'd his servants forth ; and a great cry
 Was heard in Egypt, wailing for the dead.
 The morning broke, and not a single hair
 Was bruised on Israel's head ! The Lord their God
 Was leading them into the Promised Land,
 And Egypt's spires were dwindling into nought.

THE HEATH.

BELL-BLOSSOM'D spirit of the wild,
Hail to thee ! Nature's rough-hair'd child,
Shedding a fragrance round my cot,
Perfuming the loved hills of thought.
The furze-bush woos thy smiling face,
And clasps thee in its sharp embrace ;
A thousand swords peer from their sheath
To stab thee, unassuming heath ;
Thou fear'st not, looking forth so mild,
Bell-blossom'd spirit of the wild !

Thou hast no sister-buds beside
The yellow furze-flowers at thy side,
Or the sweet hare-bell's slender form,
That bends before the rushing storm.
Unnoticed in thy wild attire,
I twine thee round my artless lyre,
Clasping thee in my trembling hand,
Strange offspring of my fatherland ;
For, O ! I love thee like a child,
Bell-blossom'd spirit of the wild !

I meet thee on the rough hill's brow,
And in the valley there art thou !
Our Cornish hedges thou dost gem
With gold cups on thy wiry stem ;
And by the North Sea's dreaded shore,
Thou listenest to the ocean's roar.
By murmuring stream and hamlet fair,
I see thee smiling everywhere !
But, heath-flowers on my mountain's side,
I love you more than all beside !

The swallow, sporting round my bower,
Stoops down to kiss thee, little flower ;
And the wild bee thy fragrance sips,
Kissing the nectar from thy lips.
Thou hast been my companion long ;
Hast listen'd to my mountain song ;
Witness'd my tears for friendship shed,
When loved ones pierced my soul and fled ;

Hast many a weeping hour beguiled,
Bell-blossom'd spirit of the wild !

When Twilight wraps the mount in shade,
Flinging its dank robe o'er the glade,
When Silence bathes in silvery light
Beneath the " lady of the night,"
When all is listless and serene,
The fairy leaves the evergreen,
And, with the glow-worm for her mate,
She dances o'er the old hill's pate,
Sobbing some ruin'd maiden's knell,
And tripping o'er thee, heather-bell !

At the sweet evening hour, how oft
I've wander'd o'er this heathy croft,
Unknown, unmiss'd, 'midst noise and glee,
To pass a musing hour with thee !
For, who such stars of living gold,
Thick-cluster'd round him, can behold,
Bright as the gems in yon pure sky,
And glittering with a rainbow-dye,—
Who can such gleams of glory see,
And not adore the Deity ?

THE SABBATH.

HUSH ! 't is the Sabbath-morn :
The sun looks o'er the hill ;
The forest-leaves begin to stir
Beneath the blackbird's trill ;
The perfumed breezes play
Around the milk-white thorn,
Fanning the dew-hung locks of Day :
Hush ! 't is the Sabbath-morn !

Hush ! 't is the Sabbath-noon :
The pilgrim kneels to pray ;
Labour has thrown his hammer down,
And Care has slunk away ;

No peasant plies his spade
 To earn the tempting boon :
 Hush ! earth is holy now ;
 Hush ! 't is the Sabbath-noon !

Hush ! 't is the Sabbath-eve :
 Hark ! 't is the voice of prayer,
 Arising from loved fatherland,
 That 's floating through the air.
 Of the blue western hills
 The daylight takes its leave,
 Kissing the incensed locks of Peace :
 Hush ! 't is the Sabbath-eve !

THE PATRIARCH.

LIFT up thine eye-balls on this rugged mount.
 Among the crags he walks at eve's still hour,
 Communing with Jehovah face to face.
 A holy radiance flashes on those rocks,
 And streams above the mighty mountain's head,—
 Out-beamings of the awful Deity !
 He walks among the crags, and talks with HIM,
 Scanning the little hillocks at his feet,
 Around which glide the purling rivulets,
 Fresh from the fount of Nature ; and his eyes
 Oft rest upon the distant hills and dales,
 Eastward and westward, northward and the south,
 Soon to be his, and peopled with his sons.

How thrilling was the voice of Nature then,
 In Time's young morning, when his face was smooth,
 And his bright brow unwrinkled ! Gushing notes
 Rose from untrodden vales, where limpid rills
 Sang to the flowers that kiss'd them : in the woods,
 Rock'd by the breezes in the morn of days,
 Where Echo slumber'd in her silent caves,
 The grateful birds sang on the cedar-trees,
 From morn till eve, from eve till breaking dawn,
 With nought to listen but the sky and earth.
 How beautiful fair Nature's face appear'd
 In Time's sweet childhood, when her living vest

Waved spotless in the early morn of years !
 Abram mused here delighted, till the Sun,
 Sinking behind the everlasting hills,
 Flush'd the blue waters of the sleeping lake,
 And hung his robes of glory on the mount,
 Departing in a sea of burnish'd gold !

'Tis fervid noon, the sultry air is hot ;
 There's not a breeze astir on Mamre's plain ;
 The leaves hang motionless ; the lowing herd
 Rush to the rock's cool shadow ; and the earth,
 Parch'd up with drought, mourns for the lack of rain.
 In his tent-door sits down the Patriarch,
 Musing on olden times : devotion's glow
 Shines in the features of his saintly face.
 He lifted up his eyes, and, lo ! three men
 Were standing near him, even at his door.
 He ran to meet them, bow'd himself, and said :
 " My lord, if I have favour found with thee,
 O, pass not from thy servant ! Wash your feet,
 And rest yourselves beneath this spreading tree.
 I'll fetch a morsel of the sweetest bread,
 And comfort ye your hearts before you go."
 Under an oak they sat. Abraham came
 With cakes that Sarah baked upon the hearth,
 A calf which he selected from the herd,
 Butter and milk ; and they did eat, and said,
 " Sarah thy wife shall surely have a son."
 And Abraham believed Jehovah's word.
 The men departed. Forth he went with them,
 And interceded for the cities doom'd.

" Wilt Thou destroy, within the city's bounds,
 The good man and his loving little ones,
 With those who openly deny Thy name ?
 If fifty righteous can be number'd here,
 Wilt Thou not save the city for their sakes ?"
 The mercy of the Lord replied, " I will."
 " Shall dust and ashes dare entreat Thee more ?
 If five be lacking, shall the city die ?"
 " I'll not destroy it for the lack of five."
 " If forty, shall not Sodom be retrieved ?"
 " I'll not destroy it for the forty's sake."

"If thirty?" "They shall save it from the fire."
"If twenty?" "Sodom yet shall dwell in peace."
"O, let not God be angry, while I speak
But once again:—if only ten be found,
Wilt Thou not save it?" "Yes, it shall not die."
O, what a grand display of mercy here
And loving-kindness to the sons of men!
God went his way,—the Patriarch to his place.

'Tis holy eve: the forest-birds are still,—
Save Philomela in the quiet shade
Sings to the bright young moon: the little brooks
Murmur deliciously along the vale,
And sweetest whisperings run among the hills.
The feet of angels are upon the earth:
They walk among the flowers, and spread their wings
O'er the young beauties of the vernal world.
Two come to Sodom, warning Lot to flee
And leave the city, soon to be destroy'd.
And when the silent midnight pass'd, and Day
Drew back the starry curtain of old Night,
And the bright sun was shining on the earth,
The fearful cup of vengeance was o'eturn'd,
And God rain'd fire and brimstone down from heaven,
Scorching the hoary sinner in his tent,
And him who revell'd in forbidden lust,
And him whose brain was heated hot with wine,
And him who reckless laugh'd away the night,
And him who cursed the angry Deity;
Licking the mother and her daughters up,
And vicious father, and more vicious sons;
Consuming, too, the shepherd with his sheep,
And early herdsman wandering with his herds;
Burning them all to ashes, leaving not
A living thing which grew upon the ground.
And when at early dawn the Patriarch rose,
And look'd towards the plain, the country's smoke
Still soar'd, as from a mighty furnace-fire.

An hundred years have roll'd above his head,
And still among the groves and streams he walks,
Communing with his Maker, till the time—
The set time—came, the Lord had promised, when

Sarah brought forth a son in her old age ;
 And Isaac was his name. The boy grew on,
 And pluck'd the painted flowers in Canaan's dells,
 And sang his early lays among the meads,
 And climb'd the pathless mountains round his home,
 And worshipp'd God in Nature's breezy fanes,
 Well pleased with silence and with solitude ;
 A poet in the dawning-time of song,
 Lispering the music of the birds and brooks,
 That caroll'd down the valleys newly made ;
 Beloved by Abraham, O how beloved !
 When from His holy mount God spake to him :
 " Take now thy son, Isaac, thine only son,
 Into Moriah-land, and offer him
 For a burnt offering on a mountain there."
 And up he rose at morning's early dawn,
 Saddled his ass, took two of his young men,
 And clave the wood to offer up his boy.
 On the third day of travel, afar off
 The mountain's top appeared. Abraham said
 To the young men, " Abide ye with the ass ;
 I and the lad will hasten on alone,
 Then come to you again." And forth they went,
 Silently toiling up the mountain's side.

Isaac is bound, and laid upon the wood :
 The knife gleams over him ; a moment more,
 And down it comes to let his life-blood forth,
 Staining the mountain's hair : a moment more,
 And the bright sun of promise is eclipsed,
 And earth is fill'd with everlasting night.
 But while the fearful blade flash'd o'er the lad,
 Held in his father's hand, an angel's voice
 Rang in the hollows of the hoary rocks,
 And echoed through the mountain's ringing caves :
 " Lay not thine hand upon the innocent :
 For now I know thou art a man of God,
 Because thou freely gavest up thy boy."
 He look'd behind him, and beheld a ram
 Caught in a tangled thicket by his horns,
 And gladly offer'd it in Isaac's stead.
 Again that holy angel's voice is heard,
 Stirring the solemn echoes of the mount :

“Thy seed shall be as numerous as the sand
That shines upon the heaving ocean's shore,
Or stars that glitter in the heaven's blue face.”

Time rushes on ! Change follows in his rear,
Strewing sad trophies o'er the weeping Earth.
Sarah is sleeping in Machpelah's cave,
And Abraham is bending on his staff.
Isaac has seen the light of forty years,
Now living in the south ; and oft at eve
He wanders in the fields to meditate.
For still he loves the leafy bowers of song,
The starry chambers of the holy Muse ;
And, coming from Lahai-roi well,
A flock of camels meet him on his path
Beside the tinkling stream. Rebekah comes
To be the mother of the favour'd race ;
And Abraham, when ripe and full of years,
Dies trusting in the promises of God,
Which in the flight of time were all fulfill'd.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

HAIL to thee, little flower,
Within my mountain-bower,
Smiling among the wiry broom,
Like Hope's bright star 'mid clouds of gloom !
I bend me o'er thy sweet blue eye,
Dropping salt tears I know not why,
Feeling a warm inspiring fire,
Sweeping my fingers o'er my lyre,
Singing within my heathy bower :
Hail, hail to thee, Spring's early flower !

Yes, thou art come to dwell
With Memory in her cell,
To call her from her still retreat,
And place Remembrance at her feet.
Though thou art gilt with vernal bloom,
Thou tellest of the dark, deep tomb :

Thou tellest of the wide blue sea,
Where waves and storms are wont to be,
And where upon its boundless tide,
Far, far away, my kindred ride.
Because they hasten from my bower,
Hail, hail to thee, Spring's early flower !

O, could they hear the lark,
Singing till it is dark,
Fluttering his wings those meads above,
And warbling forth his notes of love ;
And could they, in our garden's bound,
Gaze on these cowslips scatter'd round,
See all those daisies on the plain ;
They surely would come back again,
To feast their eyes within my bower
Upon my little violet-flower !

What were the words I said ?
Thou speakest of the dead ?
Ah, yes ! thou tellest of decay,
How earthly splendours pass away :
An hour or two,—come, smile on me,—
And I shall bid farewell to thee.
Here birds will sing, and flowers will bloom,
When I am hidden in the tomb.
But I would sleep with thee, sweet flower,
Companions in my heather-bower.

And oft my ghost shall roam
Around my mountain-home ;
And here, beneath the wan moon's light,
Weave heath-crowns for the brow of Night.
Blue herald of a numerous line !
Thou 'rt stamp'd with the great Maker's sign,
The impress of the Hand Divine :
Bending thou seem'st to kiss the sod :
Who sees thee, sees a ray of God.
Because He shines within my bower,
Hail, hail to thee, Spring's early flower !

O FOR A COT IN SOME LONE PLACE !

O FOR a cot in some lone place,
A calm, unruffled home,
"A lodge in some vast wilderness,"
Where man might never come !
My soul is sick to hear the tongue
Of slander day by day ;
O had I but a bird's fleet wing,
I 'd quickly soar away !

And oft I think how sweet 't would be
To tend my fleecy flocks,
And sing my wild-wove pastorals,
Among the moss-hair'd rocks,
With no companions but the birds
And little hedgerow flowers,
And one, my silver star of hope,
To gild the darkest hours !

This world is very beautiful
Beneath the sun's bright ray,
Girt round with belts of freshening green,
And kiss'd by flowery May ;
But man drags down his fellow-man,
Trampling him in his woe,
Shrouding the bright and beautiful,
And sullyng all below.

And is there not, in all the earth,
In ocean, or in air,
A spot where Peace delights to dwell ?
O lead the wanderer there !
Yes, many such, I 'm sure, there are
In this fair world of ours,
Hung round with crystal innocence,
And gemm'd with tearless flowers.

'T is in the bosom of the man
Who walks by faith, not sight,
Who knows and feels from day to day
That all he does is right.
'T is in the house where God is fear'd ;
'T is in the pilgrim's prayer ;
'T is in the good man's Bible-home :
O lead the wanderer there !

THE HOUR OF REST.

THE hour of rest is come,
The hour of sweet repose ;
Kneel, weary mourner, kneel,
And sob away thy woes.
Kneel in thy closet, kneel :
Thy Father hears thee pray ;
And He will give the mourner rest,
And 'take thy load away !
Kneel in thy closet, kneel,
Now at the close of day :
Its sorrows and its cares are gone,
For ever pass'd away.
Thy Father sees thee now ;
His eye is everywhere :
O talk to Him, as friend to friend,
At this sweet hour of prayer !
Kneel in thy closet, kneel ;
Though rough has been the day,
Kneel down, and tell thy Father all ;
Kneel, weary one, and pray :
Then on thy pillow dream
Of holier, happier bowers,
Where sinless spirits float among
The never-fading flowers !
Yes, on thy pillow dream
Of that bright world above,
Where all is happiness, and peace,
And pure, unsullied love.
Dream of that heavenly rest
Which yet remains for thee,
A holy, sweet, unbroken calm
Through all eternity.

TO THE SWALLOW.

WELCOME, welcome, little swallow,
Floating round my heathy hollow,
Stooping down to kiss the flower
Bordering my heather-bower !

Many a by-gone tale thou bringest,
 As away, away thou wingest,
 Gliding o'er my native heath,
 Sweeping down the vale beneath;
 Through the merry meads thou strayest,
 With my mountain's locks thou playest;
 Now above my head thou wheelest,
 Now through yonder dell thou stealest.
 Welcome, welcome, little swallow,
 Floating round my heathy hollow!

Bird of bright and glossy wing,
 Coming to us in the spring!
 Dost thou love this nook so rude?
 'T is the cave of solitude.
 Here I've linger'd many an hour;
 Bird, this is the poet's bower!
 Float around me, little stranger;
 Float around me,—there's no danger.
 Startling sounds won't here alarm thee:
 Can a poet's musings harm thee?
 Other birds, the woods among,
 Cheer us with their summer-song;
 But thou'rt welcome, little swallow,
 Floating round my heathy hollow!

THE PARTING SCENE.

THE parting knell was rung;
 A scene of tumult reign'd;
 Hands clung to hands, and eyes of love
 Were on each other strain'd.
 Those eyes which never wept
 For many, many years,
 Were shedding, for departing friends,
 A gush of hallowing tears.

The mighty steamer moves
 Along its watery track,
 And oft the weeping emigrant
 Turns round and gazes back.

His friends are on the beach
 Within his misty view :
 He waves his hat, and silently
 Breathes forth a last adieu !

 A son is in that ship ;
 A father on the shore ;
 And silently he paced along
 Beside the breakers' roar ;
 And, when the flying bark
 Out of his vision swept,
 He turn'd his furrow'd face away,—
 He turn'd away and wept !

 I saw him wipe the tear
 From off his cheek that day ;
 The secret workings of his soul
 No poet can portray.
 He saw his son no more
 Beneath the spreading skies ;
 And now the tears are wiped away
 For ever from his eyes !

LINES WRITTEN ON A FAIR-DAY.

GIVE me my harp : I'm longing to be gone
 To the sweet cell of Quiet, where the din
 Of the world's trumpet grates not on my ear.
 O, how my spirit yearns to steal away
 From ever-busy tongues, to the sweet dell
 Where only Silence whispers, and the breeze
 Shakes the grey tresses of the stealing Eve !
 Oft when I labour in the darksome mine
 With those who honour not the poet's lay,
 My thoughts are roaming through the grassy fields,
 And Fancy leads me to her nectar'd bower,
 And feeds me with her own enchanted cup.
 Whilst others follow pleasure to the Fair,
 And seek for happiness in Discord's den,
 I'll sit me down upon those time-stain'd rocks,
 With no companion but my sobbing lyre,
 And woo the music of the evening breeze.

How sweet to hear Dame Nature's carolings
Rush through her ivied halls, and float along
Over the folding buds in cadence strange,
And sweet as strange, and beautiful as sweet,
Enchanting us with holiest minstrelsy,
And stealing o'er our spirits like a dream !
How sweet to walk among the fragrant flowers,
Dewy with Eve's fresh kisses ! undisturb'd,
To meditate in such a lonely place !
Here tuneful ripples swell across the lake,
And breezes murmur by the waterfall.
Here float the chimes of distant village-bells
And village-songs in Cynthia's holy light !
Here faithful Memory opes her pictured book,
Shows us the mystic pages of the Past,
Reveals again a thousand sunny dreams,
Gathers the bursting rose-buds of our youth,
And reads the wondrous history of our lives.

Poor silly one ! I can't but pity thee,
Because thou seek'st for happiness in vain.
Thou 'lt never find it in the noisy fair :
There 's poison in the cup thou fain wouldst drink ;
And if thou quaff it to the very dregs,
'T will leave a thousand tortures in thy flesh,
Piercing thee to the quick. Poor simpleton !
The peasant-boy, beside his cottage-door,
Surrounded with the bright, the beautiful,
Flinging soap-bubbles to the love-sick breeze,
Fanning his ringlets as he leaps for joy,
Is wise, compared with thee, poor suicide !
What is the trumpet's clang, and all the roar
Around thy ears, to the melodious note
Of the sweet thrush among the quivering leaves ?
What are the scenes which roll before thine eye,
To Nature's beauties, softening into shade,
Spread, like a mighty volume, round me here !
But come and see ; 't will surely do thee good,
By melting off the ice-crust from thy heart,
And causing thee to feel thyself a man.

The sun is set, the stars are come again,
The full moon gazes on the poet's bower ;

The bat wheels round, the lively cricket chirps ;
Twilight is brooding over hill and dale ;
Among the grass, wet with refreshing dew,
The glow-worm glitters like a silver gem ;
The rill runs murmuring o'er its pebbly bed,
Softening the soul that muses on its brink ;
The weary mower lays his scythe aside ;
The ploughman, whistling, homeward drives his team ;
The merry milkmaid carols through the meads ;
The story-telling hamlet-home is still ;
And Night comes slowly o'er the mountain-tops.

TO MY NATIVE VALLEY.

BEAUTIFUL vale, with thy rippling stream !
How like a picture of youth dost thou seem !
Blushing with hope-buds, and sparkling with flowers,
And gushing forth harp-notes from all thy bright bowers !
Beautiful vale, with thy rippling stream,
How like a picture of youth dost thou seem !

On my dear native hill I sit midst the heath,
Gazing down on the trec-cover'd village beneath,
Where oft I have play'd, in the spring-tide of youth,
When Nature's sweet voice was the music of truth.
Like birds from their nests thy white cottages gleam,
Beautiful vale, with thy rippling stream !

The swallow floats round, as the grasshopper sings,
And brushes the locks of my mount with her wings !
The sky-lark is mounting to heaven, with its song
Overflowing the dell, as it flutters along ;
And with mirth and with music thine avenues teem,
Beautiful vale, with thy rippling stream !

A thousand past scenes, too numerous to speak,
Rush into my eyes, and roll over my cheek.
I think of a brother with whom I have play'd,—
A sister who sat with me under the shade.
They have cross'd the wide sea ; but surely they dream
Of my beautiful vale, with its rippling stream !

THE MOTHER PREACHING CHRIST.

WITHOUT, the angry elements
Were raging in their ire ;
Within, the mother preached Christ
Beside the cheerful fire.
Her little ones were sitting round,
To whom the world was new,
Quaffing the honey from her lips,
Like flowerets drinking dew.
She told how Christ a baby was
In Bethlehem of old ;
He came from heaven in human form ;—
So holy men have told.
He came from heaven in human form,
His frame a human clod ;
He suffer'd, wept, and died below,
And then went back a God.
The seed thus sown in early life
Was like the precious grain,
When warm'd by vernal suns, and cheer'd
By spring's refreshing rain.
Dark days of weariness and cloud
May often intervene ;
But then the little blade smiles forth,
And then the ear is seen.
The parting blast of years hath blown
Upon this little band,
And scatter'd them, like forest-leaves,
Around their fatherland.
And she, the mother, sleeps below,
Beside the village fane ;—
But, written on the earth and sky,
Her living words remain.
Those lessons by the ingle-side
Are travelling on and on,
Although the voice which utter'd them—
That mother's voice—is gone.
They'll live for ages yet to come,
For evermore the same,
Till children's children joy to bless
That mother's sainted name.

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

HAIL to thine opening eye,
Thou little lonely flower !
The first that cometh blossoming
Within my English bower !
A thousand griefs are past,
A thousand tears I 've shed,
Since on this bank I saw thee last
Lift up thy yellow head.

Hail to thy timid glance !
And to thy perfume hail !
And, though the north storm may advance,
O do not look so pale ;
But bloom and blossom on
Within our garden-bower,
Till Winter and his storms are gone,
Thou little trembling flower !

Thou bringest songs of birds,
And many a pleasing spell,—
The violet-haunts we 've loved so long,—
We know them passing well.
A thousand other tales
In thee the poet reads,—
Thy sisters clustering in our vales,
And sparkling in our meads !

Then bloom and blossom on,
And gem our wither'd isle,
Till Winter and his storms are gone,
And tender sunbeams smile.
Then flowers of every hue
Shall thy companions be,
And millions in my fatherland
Look up and smile like thee !

I STEAL AWAY TO WEEP.

THE day is come I long have woo'd :

'Tis April's budding-hour,

And I, with sister Solitude,

Am seated in my bower.

Across the lawn the zephyr's chime

Melodiously doth sweep ;

But, though it is the budding-time,

I steal away to weep !

The lark is shouting in the sky,

The redbreast on the wall,

And, in the Forest moor hard by,

I hear the cuckoo's call :

The sparrows on our dear old cot

Their merry-makings keep ;

But, though they seem so musical,

I steal away to weep !

The furze-bush waves its golden bells

Where panting breezes run,

And every little daisy tells

A story to the sun ;

Blue violets, 'neath the hawthorn-tree,

And nodding cowslips peep :

But, though a thousand flowers I see,

I steal away to weep !

Around I hear the shout of joy,

Yet shun the merry choir :

A mother loves her singing boy,

A sister and a sire ;

A loving wife, a daughter dear,

Around my heart-strings creep :

But like a banish'd man I'm here,—

I steal away to weep !

And when my comrades smile so gay,

So jubilant and glad,

I wonder why I turn away,

And seem so very sad.

I wonder why within my bower

Alone I love to creep,

And, though it is the budding-hour,

I steal away to weep.

TO THE RIVULET.

LITTLE, gentle, murmuring rill,
Creeping round my native hill,
Sobbing forth thy pensive tale
In the silent hawthorn vale,
Kissing many a little flower,
Sparkling free in Nature's bower,
Wooing oft the poet's song,
As thou murmurest along!
How I love thee, little rill,
Creeping round my native hill!

Little, lonely, murmuring brook!
Thou hast lured me from my book,
Lured me from my cottage-home,
And beside thy verge I 'm come,
Once again to visit thee,
Sitting 'neath my favourite tree.
Still thou hast a melting song,
As thou murmurest along.
How I love thee, little rill,
Creeping round my native hill!

Little, limpid, murmuring stream!
Let me by thy margin dream,
Sever'd from the city's noise,
Sever'd from discordant joys.
Here the swallow dips his wing,
And the redbreast loves to sing,
Peace within thy bosom laves,
Zephyrs fan thy silver waves.
Thou hast many a tale to tell,
And I love thee passing well!

CAMBORNE.

TIME chisels out the foot-prints of the Past,
Planing away old hieroglyphic scars,
Gashing strange notches in his calendar,
And raising, on the ashes of an hour,
New wonders, to be wondrous and decay.

How like a thing of magic hast thou rose
Out of the copper-caverns of the earth,
Graceful and plain, poetically neat,—
The cottage-homes of those that work below,
Where sun, or star, or silver-margin'd cloud,
Or tree, or flower, or bird, or murmuring brook,
Or chiming breeze, or tuneful waterfall,
Is never seen or heard! How like a thing
That leap'd into existence at a nod,
Art thou, my native Camborne! girded round
With mead, and meadow-land, and shady grove,
And boundary-lines of sweetest earthly bliss!

I well remember, in my childish days
Thy name was like a magic word to me,
Replete with strange emotion! Not a lip
That syllabled the word but seem'd to be
More than a common hero; and I thought,
If I could stand upon thy threshold-stones,
And peep into thy streets of burnish'd brass,
"Glittering and flashing" in the golden sun,
Why, I should see just all the world at once;—
O Camborne! what a blessed sight for me!

I came,—was led along thy narrow streets,
Stood in thy porches, heard the hum of those
Who long have slept beneath the grassy sod,
Gazed at thy toy-shop windows,—gazed and gazed,
Until I thought the little horses moved,
And snapp'd their bitless bridles! then again
Rubb'd both mine eyes to see the gingerbread,
Like gilded soldiers marching on the stall,
With lions, tigers, bears, and elephants,

And images of beasts before the Flood,
 Grotesque and strange, wild, knotty, limbless things ;
 So that I leap'd and clapp'd my hands for joy ;
 And, when I sat again on mother's knee,
 I thought that I had realized my dream,
 Had seen the very centre of the world,
 And knew all bright and precious things were there,
 And told her stories three or four months long.

Old Time, since then, has dragg'd me by the hand
 O'er mountain-heights, through briers and tangled thorns,
 And over slippery crags, where Danger scream'd,
 And flapp'd his ebon wings, and scream'd again ;
 Has torn the scales from off mine opening lids
 With his long bony fingers, one by one,
 Till, in reflection's sober light, I see
 My childhood's wonder wonderful no more !
 And now I walk along thy crowded streets,
 And mingle sometimes in thy busy mart,
 With my loved harp upon my shoulder slung,
 Unknown, unnoticed ! Not a peasant-boy,
 Wheeling his cabbages across the street,
 Believes me, clad in labour's homely weeds,
 And following in his train, a singing one,
 Who loves the music of all whispering things.

Thou hast thy halls of learning, and thy men
 Of wonderful renown ; thou ownest too
 Thy seats of science, and thy mounts of power,
 Thy dens of discord, and thy bowers of bliss,
 Thy hallow'd fanes, and dungeons dark and deep.
 Thou hast, within thy borders, master-minds,
 Rare spirits, of the modern mining school,
 Who, mole-like, dig their way into the earth,
 Yoking the elements in brotherhood,
 To belch the flashing diamond into light,
 And vomit forth the backbone of the world !

Thou hast thy men of letters. One there is,*
 A monarch in the kingdom of the mind,
 Who knew thee in thy young, infantile days,

* George Smith, F.A.S.

And frolick'd with thy lovely Cornish vest,
Weaving thy tresses in his summer-dreams.
Ay, one there is whose name will never die,
Till the last trump shall rattle on the blast,
And Time himself grow feverish, and expire.
See'st thou his dwelling, on the green hill's side,
Like a calm king-bird, ever looking down
Upon thy temple-tops? Ay, he shall live,
And only fall with Nature's funeral-fire!

Thou hast thy solemn grave-yard, and thy tombs,
Where lie the ashes of our pilgrim-sires,
Grass-cover'd graves, and some without a blade,
Trees weeping dew-drops at the vesper-time,
And flowers that tell us all is calm below.
Here rich and poor are "huddled out of sight,"
And sweetly sleep together; not a sigh
Disturbs the halcyon of their dreamless rest!
Without its pale, a thousand voices roar
And hiss unmeaning torture! but, within,
A solemn silence sits on every bough,
And creeps with silken feet along the grass;
Voices, unseen, are whispering to the soul;
And in the tower are heard the feet of Death.

It is for this I love thee; for I've thought,
Ay, often thought, that my last sleep should be
In the still churchyard of my native town!
Here lie my sire and grandsire, side by side;
And here a little sister, a span long;
And I have thought,—but no, it must not be;
O let me moulder where my daughter sleeps!—
That I would hang my wild harp o'er my tomb,
And go to sleep beside them!—Fare thee well!
The silver moon unveils her lovely face,
And gazes down upon thy twilight bowers,
As if she really loved thee! flinging floods
Of silver pencillings across thy robes,
And bathing thee in beauty! O, 't is sweet
Here in the moonlight to look down and see
The moonbeams dancing on thy cottage-roofs!
It will be even so when we are gone,
And sleeping in our graves.—Once more, farewell!

SONNETS.

TO THE LARK.

HAIL, sweet musician ! At the earliest dawn,
Thou shak'st the dew-drops from thy fluttering wing ;
And ☉ how sweet it is to hear thee sing,
And drink thy music, floating o'er the lawn !
Hail, harper of the cloud ! I bend me low
In humble adoration at thy shrine,
Rapt with those spirit-notes that round me flow,
Gushing upon my soul in airs divine !
Hail, harper of the cloud ! When new-born Day
Peers o'er the mountain-tops, I'll haste away
To drink thy mellow music. Power is thine,
Beloved minstrel, with thy matin hymn,
(Stole from the chimings of the cherubim,)
To raise my thoughts above earth's dusty line !

TO THE HAWTHORN.

FLOWER-COVER'D hawthorn ! in thy tuneful shade,
My day's work done, I lay myself along.
The shepherd loves thee ; hind and village maid
Full often carol here their evening song.
As float the vesper-notes those dells among,
And the red light is streaming through the glades,
I gaze and weep,—weep with excess of joy !
Nature is mine ; her features never cloy.
Song-honour'd hawthorn, fairy of the mead,
Gem of the mountain, beauty of the vale !
Here the young lover tells his tender tale ;
And here the poet pipes his artless lay,
Under thy branches whistling on his reed,
Forgetting all who “ fill life's dusty way.”

MORNING.

How beautiful, beneath yon eastern cloud,
Hung like a porter by the gates of Day,
The breezy Morning opes its eye of grey,
Lifting from off the earth Night's murky shroud !
How freshly from the mountains comes the breeze,
Fanning the robe of Summer, gemm'd with flowers ;
Shaking the dew-drops from the forest-trees,
And whispering sweetly in the wakening bowers !
The robin stirs among the trembling leaves,
And up the mountain scuds the timid hare ;
The sparrows chatter on the shaven eaves,
O'er which the graceful smoke-wreaths curl so fair ;
The rising sky-lark sings to greet the dawn,
And the blithe mower whistles on the lawn.

EVENING.

HAIL, quiet Evening ! 'Neath thy gathering vest
Musing I rove. How sweet, within my ken,
The rural hamlet down the peaceful glen,
Yon white-wash'd cottage smiling in the west,
The fragrant meadows, budding trees all dress'd
In early beauty ; while the throstle's note
Doth on the downy wings of Twilight float !
Now the sweet flowers their dewy lids are closing,
The " glimmering landscape " from my sight recedes.
See Contemplation by the rill reposing,
And mark dull Silence hovering round the meads :
Peace leads the breezes o'er the shadowy dale,
And Fancy flits with fairies through the reeds,
Whilst distant hymnings murmur in the vale.

NIGHT.

How awful are thy "trailing" robes, O Night!
How solemn is thy breathing! how profound
The mystic voice that seems to travel round,
Like holiest hymnings from some distant sprite!
The labourers of yon hamlet are asleep:
I, 'neath the pale moon, wander on and weep.
Now all is silent, save the night-bird's song,
Or the sweet music of the tinkling rill;
And while I, wondering, gaze the stars among,
And toil delighted up this gorse-clad hill,
My thoughts are roaming wide mid sacred things;
The past comes back upon me:—friends are here,
Departed ones, for whom I've shed the tear:—
Methinks I catch the rustling of their wings.

'TRESLOTHAN.

How alter'd are thy features, Quietude,
Since erst upon thy lap at eventide,
Or in the cot of Hospitality,
Or by the margin of thy infant rill,
I swept the poet's lyre! A change has come:
Thy mead a burial-ground, where friend and foe
Lie slumbering 'neath thine ivy-shining walls.
How alter'd are thy features, Quietude!
Change has been revelling with thy rustic robes,—
Not as she does in ruin-rented halls,
Shaking the turrets with her gusty blast,
And gnawing down the iron battlement
As easily as one can crop a flower:
Not as she does upon my mountain's head,
Tearing the heath-locks from its wrinkled pate,
To decorate the spirit of the blast,
Raving and roaring round my crumbling cot.
No; not like this, but clothing thee in smiles,
With pencillings as fair as Art can give,
And tricking thee as for thy bridal-hour.

I well remember in my early days
How beautiful thou wert! a cot or two
Just peeping through thy shining robe of leaves,
And shedding on the' enchanted traveller
Sweet showers of nectar from the garden-rose.
Ay, one there was, more beautiful than all,
Which lingers with me as a glittering gem
Amid the shadowy vistas of the past,
The happy home of poetry and love!
Alas! how changed! The voice of song has ceased,
And hearts unstirr'd by music slumber there.
The silent wallflower, as I hie along,
Looks sadly on me with its weeping eyes,
Unpruned, untended, fluttering in the breeze,
And sighing for the hand that nurtured it.
That hand is frozen with the frost of death,
In the damp grave beneath an aged tree.

Oft in the twilight have I wander'd here,
 Far from the turmoil of the noisy crowd,
 And, resting on thy grave-stones, harp in hand,
 Have wept and wept again, and wish'd at last
 My bones should rest in this sequester'd spot
 With those I love on earth. So let it be.

Peace to thy shade, Eliza! Slumber on,
 Where noise and riot never dare intrude.
 The sigh that rends the heart-strings, and the sob
 Riving the walls of the clay tenement,
 And shaking furiously life's prison-house,
 Will never rack thy peaceful bosom more.
 Peace to thee, gentle sleeper! May the friends
 That planted o'er thy head the early rose,—
 So emblematic of the Muses' child,—
 And he who drops at eventide the tear,
 Rejoin thee in the skies! O, when I think
 Thy spirit is in heaven clad in white robes,
 And o'er the flowery banks of Paradise
 Gliding with angel-bands, hymning His praise
 Who bought thee with His blood, methinks I feel
 Increased desires to do my Maker's will,
 That, when I die, we both may meet again
 In sweet companionship,—to part no more.

 EDA.

BESIDE the village watering-place
 The beauteous Eda came,
 When the setting sun o'er the western hills
 Had flung his robes of flame;
 And under the flowery hawthorn tree
 She call'd on her lover's name.

He long had been in the fabled West,
 That wonder-working land,
 Where the precious gold, free, free for all,
 Lay shining in the sand;
 And 't was under this same old tree he last
 Had press'd her fair white hand!

That morn a letter came to her,
 A precious word; and she
 Crept here beside the village spring,
 Where they were wont to be.
 It said, "To-night we meet again,
 Under our favourite tree!"

A tall form coming down the lane
 Makes the fair Eda start.
 'Tis he, 'tis he!—"I'm come to thee,
 Love, never more to part!
 My Eda! my loved Eda, dear!"
 He press'd her to his heart.

"Blest be the hand, my Father's hand,
 That kindly guided me,
 That gave me gold, and brought me back
 To fatherland and thee!
 O take it all, my Eda dear;
 We'll live and happy be!"

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

"Toss, toss the hay!
 'Tis beautiful, in summer-time,
 When sweet July is in its prime,
 To carol in the meads my rhyme,
 And toss the hay.

"Toss, toss the hay!
 The lark has sung his matin-song,
 The sun is shining bright and strong,
 And swallows sport the trees among:
 Toss, toss the hay!

"Toss, toss the hay!
 The bard has stretch'd him in the shade,
 And yonder walks the village-maid,
 In flowers of golden broom array'd:
 Toss, toss the hay!

“Toss, toss the hay !
Who will, may dig the shining ore ;
Who will, may toil on foreign shore ;
Who will, may dye their blades in gore :
We ’ll toss the hay !

“Toss, toss the hay !
And when our pleasant task is done,
And down has sunk the setting sun,
Among the low stacks we will run :
Toss, toss the hay !

“Toss, toss the hay !
Long life to all who guide the plough,
Who wield the scythe, and rear the mow,
Or fling the grass, as we do now :
Toss, toss the hay !”

TO A VIOLET FOUND IN OCTOBER.

LONELY floweret, why art thou,
Little violet, blooming now ?
Other flowers have pass’d away,
And thy sisters died in May.
Scarce a daisy can be seen ;
And the thorn has lost its green.
Robin, on the leafless limb,
Sobs his plaintive requiem :
Primroses have lost their glory,
Those that held a place in story ;
And the hill’s high head is hoary.
Flowers were there, but they are gone :
Hast thou seen them, loitering one ?
Hast thou with Spring’s darlings met,
Lonely, lingering violet ?

Time hath swept, with noiseless wing,
O’er earth’s vernal blossoming,
Dash’d athwart the blighted leas,
Smote the leaf-decaying trees,
Wither’d all that’s fresh and fair,
Blasted, blighted everywhere :

But thy lovely little form
Looks out in the howling storm,
Though the tempest fume and fret,
Little smiling violet !

Wert thou with thy sisters born
At the vernal-bursting morn ?
Tell me,—for I long to know,—
Can it, little flower, be so ?
Hast thou heard the cuckoo's note
Through my Cornish valleys float ?
Listen'd to the nightingale
Warbling in the shady vale ?
Has the pilgrim, with his staff,
Left the honeysuckled dale,
Where the new-born flowerets laugh,
And the brooklet tells its tale ?
And, when sadly wandering by,
Has he caught thy speaking eye,
With the dews of evening wet,
Lonely, lingering violet ?

I have gazed on thee an hour,
Little, hope-inspiring flower ;
And I fain would bear thee hence,
With thy look of innocence,
To my cottage on the moor,
Planting thee beside my door.
Wilt thou, darling, live with me,
When, beneath the cypress tree,
Low I lay my weary head
In the chamber of the dead ?
Glad am I to meet thee here
At the waning of the year :
Glad I thus have musing stood ;
It has done the poet good.
Thee I never shall forget,
Little, lonely violet !

TO THE OLD HILL.

ONCE more to climb thy rocky brow,
 When early buds are peeping ;
Once more to muse where breezes blow,
 And white young lambs are leaping ;
To brush thy hair through croft and mead,
 Refresh'd with vernal rain ;
O, this is luxury indeed,
 And glads my heart again !

Once more, and yet once more, old hill,
 I kneel upon thy crest :
Of all those mountain-peaks around,
 Thou art the brightest, best.
The flowers that gem thy rustling locks,
 And stud thy forehead fair,
Are peering from among the rocks,
 To me beyond compare.

Once more, my native mount, once more
 The welcome Spring is come :
How freshly steal the soft south winds
 Along my mountain home !
And flowers, as when a boy, come forth,
 Clinging to moss and stone ;
But ah ! they look a different look,
 And speak a different tone.

Once more, within my quiet bower,
 I hear the sky-lark's song :
How wildly come his warblings down,
 Those heather-brakes among !
Bless'd be the God of Providence !
 His name will I adore,
Who spares me on my pilgrim-way
 To visit thee once more.

THE FALL OF THE OLD HOUSE.

THE wintry storm is over ; its wrecks are strewn around ;
Uprooted trees and cottages are prostrate on the ground,—
Deserted sheds, that quaked to hear the tempest-spirit's call :
But one there is,—my dear old home,—more desolate than
all.

The blasts of eighty years, or more, have lash'd its rural
roof :
Alone it stood, and seem'd to laugh at hurricanes, storm-proof.
A thousand snows have whiten'd it ; fierce frosts have filed
its walls ;
But Hope almost a century has caroll'd in its halls.

The sparrow loved to build her nest beneath its shaven eaves,
And darted from the chimney-top among the hawthorn-
leaves.
Green summers came, and pass'd, and came ; the aged
sparrows fell,
And young ones built a sparrow's nest, where their grey
sires did dwell.

Here oft was heard the voice of prayer at holy evening-time ;
And here the poet swept his lyre at morning's early prime.
Here the fond lover told his tale ; here friendship quaff'd its
fill :—

O, thou wert all in all to me, old cottage on the hill !

And here, on England's holy-day, old gathering friends
would come,
And sip the peace-cup joyously within my mountain-home ;
Here strangely talk'd the eve away with legendary lore,
Until the minstrel's harp-strings twang'd :—they'll gather
there no more !

Mine eyes have seen thy loveliness laid level with the dust ;
Bright gems, once sparkling in thy crown, are canker'd with
Time's rust.
The roaring March doth howl for thee his deafening funeral-
knell ;
And, cowering 'neath the wind-god's wing, I strive to
breathe "Farewell."

There is a rent in Nature now,—a gash where all was fair,—
 A chasm which old Time himself will never more repair,—
 A breaking up of that which was so beautiful and bright,—
 A severing of the soul from earth,—a gathering in of night.

Since thou hast been, old cottage-home, cities have pass'd
 away ;
 Huge structures, far more firm than thou, have crumbled
 into clay ;
 War, with his talons dipp'd in blood, hath rush'd across our
 ball :—
 The falling of thine old straw-roof affects me more than all.

The silver moon is gazing down upon thy ruins now,
 As here I sit and weep for thee upon my mountain's brow.
 I loved thee when the sweetest songs were melting in thy
 bowers :
 How long'd I then to decorate my mountain-home with
 flowers !

The blast has come, the parting blast : how wildly did it roar !
 I look'd,—my dear old home was gone ! 'T will be a home
 no more !
 And since all things are " volatile and fleet " beneath the sky,
 O may I seek a happy home more permanent on high !

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND CHILD.

COME to the " bridge of sighs,"
 And enter Bedford jail,
 What time John Bunyan linger'd there,
 The Dreamer quaint and hale.
 The crimson hues of eve
 Curtain the western sky,
 And the last vesper of the lark
 Drops through his lattice high.

" The day is waning fast,
 My cell's dank walls grow dim :
 Before you hasten home, my love,
 We'll sing our evening hymn."

And, sitting on a stool
Beside her father's feet,
His little blind child's song arose
In solemn echoes sweet.

Down on the cold stone floor
They kneel together now ;
And, clasping her small hands in his,
And kissing her white brow,
The Christian father prays
For her beside him there,
And those for whom he toil'd that day
With never-ceasing care.

“ Child, take those laces home ;—
Let me kiss off that tear ;—
And tell thy mother, little one,
Thy father 's happy here.”
And through the prison-door
The little maiden sped,
And soon she told this sweetest tale
Within their humble shed.

Imprison, scourge the saint,
Chain him in dungeons drear ;
Deem not you fetter the free soul ;
It rises even here.
That night a light from heaven
Through his cold prison stream'd,
As by the rude lamp all alone
He of his Pilgrim dream'd.

THE LAST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

(WRITTEN DURING THE TIME OF SCARCITY IN
IRELAND, 1847.)

“ I FEEL that the perishing clay
Is rapidly falling away ;
The sands of my life-glass will quickly be run, .
And I shall depart ere the set of the sun.

I perish with hunger ! Alas ! I've no bread ;
I know not how long it is since I have fed.
I feel the death-shadow steal over my eye,
And my spirit is longing to mount to the sky,
From the vale of my childhood unshackled to flee,
Beautiful Erin, green Isle of the Sea !

“ My wife and my children are fled :
Ah me ! they are all of them dead !
They are gone where the master embraces the slave :
Uncoffin'd they rest in the new-cover'd grave.
My beautiful boy, and my daughter so gay,
Have both of them rapidly vanish'd away.
When the last crust was eaten, they stood at my side,
Grew paler and paler, then sicken'd and died.
But soon with their spirits my spirit will be,
Beautiful Erin, green Isle of the Sea !

“ Bereft of my blossoms so bright,
And her who long gladden'd my sight,
Alone I bow down to the scythe of the foe ;
Alone on my untravell'd journey I go.
Not a kindred tear will embalm my cold clay,
When my spirit is bounding away and away.
My forefathers' graves are green round my home :
They are gone to the land where no hunger can come.
O lay me with them ! My last blessing on thee,
Beautiful Erin, green Isle of the Sea ! ”

THE OLD MAN ON THE BRIDGE.

AN old man on a bridge
Stood in the twilight dim,
When the mountains with grey light
Were mantled over him,
And from among the rushes rose
The lone bard's vesper-hymn.

And the old man watch'd the waves,
As they stole upon the strand ;
For the voices of lorn friends
Seem'd in their music bland ;
And his thoughts flew back to other days,
His happy boyhood's band.

And they all appear'd to view,
Those days of " auld lang syne,"
When beautiful old Mother Earth
Shone like a thing divine,
And Innocence and Happiness
Embraced beneath the pine.

And the songs he oft had heard
In his ancestral halls,
And the quaint old rhymes the bards rehearsed
At their merry festivals,
Came fluting in the trickling brook's
Melodious waterfalls.

And other voices spake
In the stream's delicious chime ;
Even hers, the loved, the beautiful,
Who perish'd in her prime ;
With those who fell like autumn-leaves
In the dank dells of time.

Thus, resting on his staff,
With the tear-drops in his eye,
The old man linger'd on the bridge,
Till the stars came in the sky,
When he turned back to his rose-hung cot,
And laid him down to die.

PROCRASTINATION.

IN frock, and cap with waving plume,
From a lone dwelling mid the broom,
Came forth at noon a tiny child ;
And mid the flowers that round him smiled,
He heard a whispering Spirit say,
" I am the LIFE, I am the WAY."

And when the dews of eve were shed,
And he lay down upon his bed,
What time the first stars gemm'd the sky,
The youngling wept, he knew not why.

Day after day, near and more near,
That Spirit's voice was in his ear.
He heard it in the glens of moss
Which, going to school, he had to cross :
He heard it in the streams and floods,
And the low sighing of the woods ;
In the sweet lays the breezes weave,
And the soft plaintive notes of Eve :
And in his pious father's prayer
That Spirit's sweetest voice was there.
How easy then, in life's young day,
To turn his feet in Wisdom's way !

Time rushes on with ceaseless flow ;
The youth quaffs Pleasure's cup below ;
But midst the circles of the gay,
Or basking oft in Beauty's ray,
Or charm'd with Music's mellow tone,
Or wandering in the fields alone,
Or sitting at his household hearth,
Surrounded by the loved of earth,—
In shop or shed, in mine or mart,
That Spirit's voice was in his heart ;
And evermore its cry would be,
“ Delay not,—give thy heart to ME ! ”

Then manhood came, life's cares increased ;
But deem not that the Striver ceased :
That voice still spake, though now 't was low,
And heeded less, with visits slow.
'T was borne upon the funeral knell,
When in the grave a loved one fell ;
Or when disease, the chastener, came,
And press'd his hand upon his frame.
But where 't was heard in days of yore,
That holy voice now spake no more ;
And as his waning years decay,
It slowly, slowly died away.

Weakness and age come on him now ;
Grey hairs are sprinkled o'er his brow :
His eyes grow dim ; health, hopes depart ;
An ice-crust gathers round his heart :
His dark soul finds no resting-place
In the poor clay that melts apace.
The world's great Rock, once cleft for sin,
Takes not the harden'd sluggard in :
Death meets him with an angry frown,
And smites the trembling sinner down.
His day of saving grace is o'er,
And he is lost for evermore !

THE DYING PILGRIM.

"To be with Jesus !" said the dying man,
And gather'd up his feet upon the bed,
Wiped the cold death-dew from his furrow'd brow :
"To be with Jesus !"—and the spirit fled.

"To be with Jesus !"—and we heard no more :
Hush'd was his voice, and closed in death his eye.
Bright angels whisper'd on heaven's peaceful shore :
"There is a spirit mounting up on high."

"To be with Jesus !"—and away, away,*
The unchain'd spirit bounded in its might,
Flinging a rainbow o'er our sky of grief,
Spanning it like a zone of heavenly light.

MARION.

BEHIND her stamp'd her drunken lord,
Before her was the wild ;
She was a weeping wanderer,
With her beloved child,
Who clung around her blasted form,
And shrank to hear the driving storm.

" Sweet little nursling, child of love !
Sad is thy mother's moan ;
Come, nestle in her bosom now,
My beautiful, my own.
None hears us but our God on high ;
Come, we will lay us down and die.

" Six days have we been wandering here,
Forced from our sheltering home.
Why art thou sobbing so, my love ?
I feel my hour is come.
This desert cave my tomb shall be,
And here I 'll die, my child, with thee.

" O me, how shrill the midnight winds
Are ringing in my ear !
I 'll lay my head on this hard rock :
Come hither, baby dear,
And nestle thee within my breast,
And watch thy mother fall to rest."

Then down she sank. The raving blast
Rooted the giant oak :
And, growling as it hurried past,
It hurl'd with angry stroke
A fragment of the rifted rock
Down the hill-side with deafening shock.

Return we to the' inebriate sire,
Fill'd with unusual pains ;
A fire-brand seem'd to scorch his brow,
And singe his swelling veins.
Before his view the past uprose,
And fill'd him with a thousand woes.

The silent midnight comes ; it finds
Him stumbling o'er the wild.
Whom seeks he but poor Marion,
And her half-famish'd child ?
And as he cross'd the craggy ground,
Huge shadows seem'd to rustle round.

Mute, mute is he. Athwart the sky
The live blue lightnings rush'd ;
Out broke an awful thunder-peal,
Grew silent,—all was hush'd.
But prostrate on the heath he lay,
Till night and darkness pass'd away.

Behold him at the grey of morn,
Even with the lark's first hymn,
Standing aghast, O wretched man !
In the cave's entrance dim,
With hands upraised and bursting sigh,
And heaving breast and rolling eye :

For there, upon a naked rock,
Marion had laid her head ;
The babe still hung upon her breast :
Poor Marion ! she was dead !
And in the land where sorrows cease,
Her happy spirit dwells in peace.

The orphan grew,—an opening rose,
Expanding fresh and fair,—
A pretty little blue-eyed girl,
With Marion's flaxen hair ;
Who often, in the twilight dim,
Sings through the meads her pensive hymn :—

“ In the cold, wide world no friend have I :
My mother is up in the glorious sky,
Where angels are, and the seraph sings,
And soars away on his glittering wings.
Long, long has she flown to that holiest clime,
And left me here on the sands of time ;
And when sometimes the tears run down,
As I beg my bread in the cold, cold town,
Methinks a sweet, soft voice I hear,
' O, come to me, my baby dear !'
In the field of graves my sire is laid :
O, pity the little orphan maid !”

ALFRED AND WILLIAM.

THE autumn-leaves were falling in the silent forest-shade,
And the evening bird was calling her young ones to the
glade;
The stars appear'd to thicken to the wondering gazer's eye,
And the full round moon was floating through the cloudless
deep blue sky.

Two little ruddy younglings were loitering through the dell,
Returning from the village-school; they both could read and
spell:
With satchels swinging in their hands, they slowly crept
along,
And, arm in arm, beneath the moon they sang this simple
song:—

“ We dwell beside the rivulet in yonder shady wood:
Our parents love us tenderly, as Christian parents should.
Beneath the same old rustic roof, in different homes we
dwell,
The birth-place of our fathers' sires,—we love the spot right
well.

“ We eat, we play together, we roam the woodland brown
From Summer's sunny morning till eve comes gently down.
We share our sports and pastimes, with loving, laughing eye:
For we are all but brothers in nature's holy tie.

“ The storm may rage around us,—we care not how it
blows:
We vow eternal friendship, while life's red current flows.
Adversity's keen sword-blades may gash us to the bone,
But we are friends for ever, till life itself is flown.”

Thus sang these happy schoolboys, when life was in its
prime,
And everything was glorious in this golden-colour'd time.
How beautiful are all things in the sunlight of these days,
When childhood's merry carollings are pure as Nature's lays!

Time roll'd away so fleetly, the past did only seem
The melting of a vapour, or the flashing of a dream.
And now these happy schoolboys, who erst across the glen
Were caroling so pleasantly, are grown to thoughtful men.

The deep, the dark blue ocean is William's much-loved home,
O'er the wide world of waters far in battle-ships to roam.
Alfred is more contented with the valley of his birth :
He ploughs the meads, and sits him down by his ancestral
hearth.

His children grew around him like flowerets sweet and fair ;
Kind Providence with liberal hand pour'd blessings on him
there :
Houses and lands were multiplied,—they scarcely could be
told,—
Till he grew famous for his wealth, his silver and his gold.

Who is that ragged sailor-man, one-legg'd, one-eyed, and
gray ?
Come listen to his tale ; for he has wondrous things to say :
“ I 'm an old tar. In early youth it was my fault to roam :
I left our wood-encircled bower, the ocean was my home.

“ This leg was lopp'd when Nelson fell :—I saw the hero
die :
A splinter from our man-of-war just then tore out mine eye.
The hissing balls were shooting past in fearful fiery showers,
When fighting on my knee I heard, ‘ The victory is ours ! ’

“ O, I have pass'd through many a storm upon the ocean-
wave,
And many a comrade has gone down into a watery grave.
I 've heard most fearful cracks o'erhead, shrunk from the
lightning's glare,
And seen the fire-wing'd thunderbolt dash through the
sulphurous air.

“ Once from our quivering, bending mast it was my doom to
fall,
Down, down into the boiling deep, into old Neptune's hall.

What uncouth monsters wallow'd there on beds of polish'd
slime,
And nameless skeletons stood up, the fragments of old Time !

" I've fought upon the sea of storms in Biscay's boiling
Bay ;

I've sail'd as far as where dark Night drove back the blink-
ing Day.

I've clutch'd the lion in his den, the leopard in his lair,
Stood on Vesuvius' burning crest, and breathed volcanic air.

" I've travelled east, I've travelled west, through water, fire,
and flame ;

And now, old England, Fatherland ! I find thee still the
same ;

Thy valleys full of sparkling flowers, old hills untouch'd by
Time,

And streams that murmur sweeter songs than any other
clime !

" Say, England, are thy sons the same as thy blue hills and
flowers ?

And are their hearts as warm as in my boyhood's sunny
hours ?

Unchanged by years, unsoil'd by time, affectionate and free,
As when, near half an age ago, I bade farewell to thee ?

" Yon cottage smiling in the wood brings tears into mine
eye :

Youth comes again,—the parting hour,—my sister's sorrow-
ing sigh.

My mother's kiss is on my cheek, my father's scalding tear :
But they have leap'd the bounds of time, and I'm a stranger
here :

" A stranger, and a beggar too, within my native vale :—
If Alfred lives, he'll weep to hear the poor old seaman's tale.
Does he still live ? Sworn friends we were when life's
bright morn began :

Alfred will never turn away the poor old beggar-man."

They pointed him to Alfred's door :—he knock'd, but
knock'd in vain.

This proud man knew him not ; he said, " The sailor is
insane."

Ah! he who had in early life vow'd friendship should not
die,
Knew not the limping beggar-man in rags beneath his eye.

O had he come in flowing robes, and all the pomp of pride,
With carriages and horses too, and servants at his side,
Alfred would hail him to his home, would know him at first
sight,
And feast him in his banquet-hall from eve till morning-
light.

But so it was:—he turn'd away, and turning wiped his eye,
And soon, without a friend to mourn, he laid him down to
die!

Ah! "what is friendship but a name, a charm that lulls to
sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame, and leaves the wretch
to weep?"

RHYMES FOR MY CHILDREN.



RHYMES FOR MY CHILDREN.

THE TRUANT SCHOOLBOYS.

(A STORY FOR JANE.)

THERE is a little rivulet,
Within a shadowy dell,
Which has been murmuring, on and on,
For years :—I know it well :
For, when a very little boy,
I play'd beside its brink,
And saw the little singing-birds
Hop from the boughs and drink.

I think I love this little stream
Far more than any other,
Because it tells me, even now,
Sweet stories of my brother.
It tells me of your uncle, dear,
Who, in the Yankee-land,
Will oft look back upon the time
We frolick'd on its sand.

I well remember now the day,
A long, long time ago,
When we left school before the hour,
('T was very naughty, though !)
To go and catch the little fish,
And make them die with pain,
On purpose to amuse ourselves :
('T was naughty, little Jane !)

We tarried till the sun was set,
And then the stars came out,
But we, beside this little stream,
Were watching for the trout.
Up rose the yellow harvest-moon ;
We saw her in the rill,
And turn'd our faces to our home
Upon Bolennowe Hill.

We stopp'd, when half-way up its side,
 To wipe the dirt away :
 'T was then we felt (how sad we were!)
 What we had done that day,—
 Stole off from school, deceived Papa,
 And told our master lies,
 And kill'd those pretty little fish :—
 The tears came in our eyes !

How very sad we crept along !
 Our cottage came in sight ;
 We heard our own sweet mother's voice,
 We saw the taper's light.
 We trembled ; for we were afraid
 To stand before our sire ;
 We knew we had incurr'd that day
 His greatest, heaviest ire !

Our hands we lifted to the latch,
 Now trembling more and more,
 And, soft as ever fairy did,
 We stepp'd across the floor,
 And cower'd beneath our mother's wing,
 With love's sweet odour wet ;
 And how she acted to us then,
 I never shall forget.

Now, daughter dear, I hope you 'll strive
 To profit by my lay :
 Mother obey, and Father too,
 And speak the truth alway.
 Deceive not, though you be deceived ;
 Take care of " little lies ;"
 And don't give any needless pain
 To birds or butterflies.

And when the waxing harvest-moon
 Shall rise above our hill,
 All bright and beauteous at her full,
 I 'll take you to the rill,
 And show you where, years, years ago,
 Your singing father stray'd,
 Beside this murmuring rivulet,
 And with your uncle play'd.

THE LOST CHILD.

(A STORY FOR LUCRETIA, WHEN TWO YEARS OF AGE.)

COME, come, Lucretia, do not cry,
Let's brush those tears away;
Come, sit down on your cricket here,
And list to what I say.
Thought, plumed in Memory's mystic wing,
Was revelling with the past,
While you were sobbing, sobbing on,
As if it were your last!

Let's kiss that fair round face of thine,
So beautiful and bright,
Thou little tender blossoming,
Gladdening thy father's sight!
For he was once a tiny boy,
In cap and waving plume,
Playing life's sunny hours away
Among the golden broom.

There is a little sunny nook
Upon the mountain's side,
Where first I found the coy young Muse,
And woo'd her for my bride!
And oft I ran to welcome her
In Nature's flowery dome:
My happiest hours were spent within
Her breezy, heathery home.

Contiguous to this heathy bower,
Stands a moss-bearded rock,
Which was the same in grandsire's time,—
A rough, unchisell'd block;
Projecting from an ancient hedge,
Where fays and fairies play,
Dancing among the heather-bells
When daylight dies away.

The ruins of our dear old home
Sleep in the daisy-mead,
Where your own granny used to go
To see the heifers feed.

That straw-roof'd home was standing then,
Our childhood's pride and joy,
The birth-place of your singing sire,
The little mountain-boy.

The first thing I remember, dear,
Was, years and years ago,
I trundled from my mother's door
A hundred yards or so,
And lost myself among the flowers
That gem our mountain's head;
Nor knew the way to wander back,
Where I was mourn'd as dead!

I well remember, soon the sun
Departed out of sight,
And then the gathering dusk came on,
And then the starry night.
I sat me on this same cold rock;
The tear came in mine eye;
I wept:—for I was sorrowful
And sad, I knew not why.

O how my father search'd for me!
O how my mother sigh'd,
And call'd and call'd upon my name,
And wrung her hands beside!
But I, a hundred yards from home,
Was lost in this dark place,
Nor could I hear my mother's voice,
Nor see my father's face.

And when, at last, they found me here
On this unchisell'd stone,
I sat in perfect solitude,
And made my plaintive moan,—
A few short words repeated o'er
And o'er with many a sigh,—
“There's no one, no one with me here;
Alone, alone am I!”

If you could understand my song,
Lucretia, I would say,
“Don't give your mother needless pain
By wandering far away.

Remain within our garden-bower ;
'T is wide enough for you ;
And then you will not lose yourself,
As hosts of wanderers do !”

THE TWO BOYS AND THE LAMB.

(A STORY FOR JANE.)

A LITTLE lamb was feeding
Upon the mountain's side,
Sporting among the meadow-flowers
That sparkled far and wide ;
A little snow-white lamb,
So innocent and free,
Leap'd up to kiss the sunshine
In my father's daisy-lea.

Two little boys were playing,
With wheelbarrow and spade,
Where this white lamb was leaping
In the bright daisy-glade.
Sometimes they caroll'd lightly,
Sometimes they both would sigh,
And, in a moment, they would weep,
Perhaps they knew not why.

These two delicious urchins were
Myself and Uncle Will :
We laugh'd away our childhood
Upon our native hill ;
We caroll'd in the sunshine,
We chatted in the shade ;
We play'd beneath the hawthorn,
In snow-white flowers array'd.

We had a little tiny pick
To dig the mountain-earth ;
Some genius of uncommon strength
Had surely given it birth !
We ran and struck this little lamb
With it upon the head,
And, in an instant, down it fell :—
We thought it must be dead !

The little white unconscious thing
 We in the barrow placed,
 To wheel it somewhere out of sight,
 And bury it in haste.
 We trembled lest the owner's eye
 Our wickedness should see ;
 We look'd behind, we look'd before :
 Alas ! how sad were we !
 At last we tripp'd it on the heath,
 Sheer o'er the barrow's side ;
 It felt the shock,—and off it ran
 In mazy circles wide !
 We clapp'd our hands, we crow'd for joy,
 We danced in rapturous glee :
 If we had got a thousand pounds,
 We could not happier be !
 We promised, creeping hand in hand
 Our father's meadows o'er,
 That we would strike a little lamb
 In such a way no more !
 We never did. Go where I may
 In Nature's wildest bowers,
 I never shall forget the lamb
 We struck among the flowers.
 This is a simple circumstance,
 I grant it, little Jane ;
 But 't is a wicked thing to cause
 Unnecessary pain.
 The crawling worm you tread upon,
 The little fly you kill,
 Feels equally as keen a pain
 As I or Uncle Will.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

(A STORY FOR LUCRETIA.)

I HAD a little sister, in life's awakening spring,
 That nodded on the mountain-top, a tender blossoming !
 'T was beautiful to see her in the sunshine of those years,
 When Innocence shook hands with Truth, and kiss'd away
 our tears.

To what shall I, Lucretia dear, compare this gentle flower?—
 A gem among the heather-bells, which open'd for an hour ;
 And then the blast of sickness came,—a chilling blast and
 brief ;

My little sister bow'd her head, and wither'd like a leaf !

I've seen my mother bending o'er her little cradle-bed,
 And I have gazed and wonder'd much what were the words
 she said

To her who breathed so sweetly there her little life away ;
 And, O ! I wonder'd very much when mother cried that day.

I saw her in the coffin laid, and sprinkled o'er with flowers,—
 Primroses from our garden-hedge, where they were sown in
 showers ;

Blue violets, from the locks of Spring, were scatter'd round
 her head :

I ask'd my mother what it meant ;—she told me, “ She is
 dead.”

And then they laid her in the ground, and buried her in clay,
 And I have never seen her since that melancholy day ;
 And when I saw Lucretia here with tear-drops in her eye,
 I thought, like little sister, she might soon grow sick and die.

The tiny babe of yesterday, when freshest in its prime,—
 Fair blossoms at the budding-hour,—the rose in summer-
 time,—

Old wither'd Age, with hoary hair, plough'd cheek, and
 watery eye,

Fronting life's wintry elements,—all have these times to die !

TO MY CHILDREN.

Joyous, sportive, careless things,
 Floating by, like silver wings,
 Gliding round my humble shed,
 Blessings, blessings on your head !
 O what golden cords ye twine
 Round this bleeding heart of mine !
 O ! the music of your voice
 Bids the mourning one rejoice,

And your sunny glances throw
 Glorious summer round my brow.
 Blessings on ye ! Glide around,
 Making home enchanted ground ;
 Prattle, carol by mine hearth,
 Beauteous gems of richest worth !
 I will hang upon my lyre,
 With my fingers on the wire,
 Smiling, through the falling tear,
 That ye are so happy here.

What would home, and all its cares,
 Be without your simple airs ?
 Be without your loving kiss,
 Sweeteners of domestic bliss ?
 Ye are all my earthly wealth,—
 Stars in darkness, suns in health,—
 Flowers whose healing odours rise
 Like the gales of Paradise.
 If it were my fate to dwell
 In some humble cloister'd cell,
 Poor and needy, friendless too,
 I would still rejoice with you.
 Blessings on ye ! May you be
 Friends of want and misery !
 May you live, sweet ones, to throw
 Nectar on the wounds of woe,
 Live the Christian's boon to find,
 Live to benefit mankind !

ON THE DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER LUCRETIA,

(WHO DIED DECEMBER 23RD, 1855, AGED SIX YEARS
 AND FIVE MONTHS.)

AND art thou gone so soon ?
 And is thy loving, gentle spirit fled ?
 Ah ! is my fair, my passing beautiful,
 My loved Lucretia number'd with the dead ?
 Ah ! art thou gone so soon ?

I miss thee, daughter, now,
 In the dear nooks of earth we oft have trod ;
 And a strange longing fills my yearning soul
 To sleep with thee, and be, like thee, with God !
 I miss thee, daughter, now.

I miss thee at thy books,
 Lispering sweet Bible-accent in my ear,
 Showing me pictures by the evening lamp,
 Beautiful emblems thou didst love so dear :
 I miss thee at thy books.

I miss thee at thy prayers,
 When the eve-star is looking through the sky,
 And thy lone sister kneels in sorrow down,
 To pray to her great Father up on high :
 I miss thee at thy prayers.

I miss thee by the brook,
 Where we have wander'd many a summer's day,
 And thou wert happy with thy loving sire,
 More happy here than at thy simple play :
 I miss thee by the brook.

I miss thee in the Reenes,*
 Where we have hasted in the twilight dim
 To wake the echoes of the silent dell,
 And mark the glow-worm 'neath the hawthorn's limb :
 I miss thee in the Reenes.

I miss thee on the Hill,
 The dear old hill which we have climb'd so oft ;
 And O, how very happy have we been
 In the still bower of the old heathy croft !
 I miss thee on the Hill.

I miss thee at day's close,
 When from my labour I regain my cot,
 And sit down sadly at the supper-board,
 Looking for thee, but, ah ! I see thee not :
 I miss thee at day's close.

* A beautiful local dell.

I miss thee every where,—
In my small garden, watching the first flower,—
By the clear fountain,—in thy Sunday-class,—
Running to meet me at the evening-hour :
I miss thee every where.

Farewell, my beautiful !
Thy sinless spirit is with Christ above :
Thou hast escaped the evils of the world :
We have a daughter in the meads of love.
Farewell, my beautiful !

When I and little Jane
Walk hand in hand along the old hill's way,
Shall we not feel thy cherub-presence, love,
Singing our sad psalms in the twilight grey ?
I soon shall go to thee.

Companion of the bard,
Mid rocks and trees, and hedges ivy-cross'd !
At morn and eve in Nature's presence-cell
We oft have enter'd with our musings lost,
My child, my harp, and I.

How thou didst love the flowers,
The mountain-heather and the buds of Spring,
The brooks and birds, the hush of solitude,
The moon and stars, like some diviner thing,
Beautiful prophetess !

Ah ! thou wert like a rose,
Dropp'd by an angel on earth's feverish clime,
To bloom full lovely, till December winds
Blasted thy beauty in its morning's prime,
Ere it had half unclosed !

Hush, murmuring spirit, hush !
It is the Lord, He only, who hath given ;
And He hath taken—blessed be His name !—
The gem, which fell from paradise, to heaven :
I bow and kiss His rod.

HUMOROUS PIECES, EPISTLES,
&c.

HUMOROUS PIECES, EPISTLES,

&c.

TO MY OLD SILK HAT.

POOR weather-beaten silker, how slight thou 'rt looking now,
From what thou wert seven years ago, when perch'd upon
my brow !

Thy shagless top, and silkless brim, how piteous to behold !
And sides, that look crush'd cruelly together with the cold !

Thou didst not always look like this, poor, ragged, wrinkled
wight !

When thou wert brought from Paris here, thou wast a
beauty quite ;

Thy glossy silken self might then grace even a *captain's* brow ;
But Time hath torn thee in his rage : thou 'rt sadly alter'd
now.

For seven long years, old holeless friend, we 've travell'd up
and down,

And thou hast been content to wane on my rhyme-ridden
crown.

The angry storms have fought with thee among the granite
rocks ;

And none but silkers such as thou could stand the winter-
shocks.

Change after change has alter'd both my old silk hat and me,
Since first we met, ay, proudly met, elate in youthful glee ;
But signs have been for months gone by that thou wouldst
surely fall,

While hanging to thy wonted nail, escutcheon'd in my hall.

I know not who thy maker was, nor what his name might be :
For once he did out-do himself, when he had fashion'd thee.
A Paris hat to stand the rust and rub of such an age
Adds glory to the Frenchman's name, unknown in history's
page !

Peace to the memory of the man who smooth'd thy curly brim ;
And may ten thousand silkers more, like thee, be made by
him !

I lost his honourable name before my song was penn'd ;
But he deserves to blaze in print for blocking thee, old friend.

In peaceful bowers thou 'st been with me, far from the busy
town ;

And many a thoughtless canzonet I 've scribbled on thy crown.
I wore thee on my bridal-day,—that sunny day of days ;
But Time hath cudgell'd thee in ire, and knock'd thee
several ways.

The showery April morn is come, and thou art doom'd to be
Thrown with the dirty cast-offs now,—a real friend like thee !
So have I seen, on Britain's Isle, in my own Cornish glen,
A hundred cast-off things like thee,—not Paris hats, but *men*.

THE FARMER'S APOSTROPHE TO HIS OLD BLIND HORSE.

“ Dost think thy master's so unkind,
Now thou art spavin'd, lean, and blind,
To turn thee out in sleet and wind,
To die alone, old Golly ?

“ No, sooner on this wintry night
He 'd leave his own dear chimney bright,
And playful imps that glad his sight,
Than drive thee forth, old Golly.

“ I think upon thy younger days,
When thou wert all the country's praise
In cart or plough. On broad highways
How thou didst race, old Golly !

“ The panting winds thou wouldst outstrip,
Thy way through brake and bramble rip,
O'er bog and hedge, nor spur nor whip
Dishonour'd thee, old Golly.

“ A better brute ne'er drew a load
 Along the stony village road,
 The driver's chirp thine only goad,
 True-footed, firm old Golly.

“ And shall I turn thee out to die,
 Because no light is in thine eye,
 Like yon blind wretch 'neath winter's sky ?
 No ; eat thy oats, old Golly.

“ Canst thou forget that sunny day
 When thou didst draw the wain of hay
 High up the mountain ridges, eh ?
 Thou brute of brutes, old Golly !

“ O'er that seven years' unbroken lea,
 When thou wert strong as strong can be,
 How thou didst pull the plough to me
 From morn till eve, old Golly !

“ On market nights, astride thy back,
 With my week's savour iu my sack,
 When skies were dark and lanes were black,
 Thou brought'st me home, old Golly.

“ There are who, selfish, stalk the earth,
 And glut the privilege of Worth ;
 And when it's old, they drive it forth
 To pain and want, old Golly.

“ But he who owns thy wrinkled hide,
 Which erst shone bright in youthful pride,
 Will never on the common wide
 Thrust thee to die, old Golly.

“ So comfort thee within thy shed,
 Nor fear the wild winds overhead :
 I'll see that thou art housed and fed,
 Till death shall smite old Golly.”

DOLCOATH MAN-ENGINE.

I SING no battle-song,
 No deeds of blood rehearse,
 No steel-clad warriors prance along
 The tenor of my verse.
 No hero meets your eye
 From Alma's gory mound,
 But Art and Science, sisters twin,
 On Cornwall's mineral-ground.

Help of the miner brave,
 Man-Engine, hail to thee !
 Lifting him up from Plutus' cave,
 Light as the air and free !
 Lifting him up ! up ! up !
 Light as the Zephyr's wing,
 So that dull Lassitude's lean form
 Is now evanishing.

Hurrah for those below,
 Who 're digging in the ground !
 Hurrah for thinking minds above,
 Who such a help have found !
 Hurrah, Man-Engine ! Come,
 Ye miners, sing with me :
 Lift up your voices like a trump,—
 " Eternal strength to thee !"

Railways have cities on
 To distant cities whirl'd,
 And the Electric Telegraph
 Sends whispers round the world !
 But what are these to thee,
 Old Death's eternal ban,
 Great Helper of the bold and brave,
 Thou lengthener of life's span ?

From coffins, bones, and worms,
 Could our forefathers rise,
 On the improvements of this age
 They'd stare with mute surprise.

Dolcoath, old mother-mine,
Still prominent appears,
The glory of the fabled West,
The Queen of her compeers.

TO A MOUSE

WHICH HAD EATEN THE LEAVES OF MY LEXICON.

How darest thou, soft-footed elf,
With tiny open jaw,
To cram such crooked syllables
Into thy greedy maw?
Would not some common household-words
Such joy to thee afford,
Or crumbs that fall at supper-time
From off our humble board?

The woodman yonder with his axe
Looks on this book with dread,
Pronounces it an oracle,
And shakes his hoary head.
He would not mar this mystic page,
'T would cripple his belief;
But thou, fur-cover'd sinner, com'st
And eat'st it leaf by leaf.

What strange mice-spells thy deeds will wake,
When in your mossy nook,
Surrounded with thy mute compeers,
Thou talkest of my book!
Will not thy grandsire shake his head,
To hear what thou hast done?
Disturb a poet in his dreams!
O thou degenerate son!

Take care, word-eating pilferer,
What learned meals thou 'rt at !
If I can catch thee nibbling books,
I 'll give thee to the cat.
Some two-legg'd mice, like thee, sleek rogue !
Climb where they have no right,
Eat what belongs to other men,
And vanish out of sight.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S SOLILOQUY OVER HER WANING LOAF.

" Hour after hour, how sad to see
My loaf so fleetly waning !
While I so oft am cutting thee,
No wonder I 'm complaining.

" There 's Joe, whose greedy hands and eyes
For ever are upon thee ;
And Tom,—he 'd eat to win a prize :—
They 've no compassion on thee.

" When evening comes, if all be well,
Home Herman will be strutting ;
And then there 's luncheon for our Nell :
O me ! they 'll keep me cutting.

" My well-baked loaf ! the keen-edged knife
Goes round a-separating :
It quite unnerves my wretched life
To see thee so abating !

" 'Tis but twelve hours ago, no more,—
O how the phantom flashes !—
When I, to bolt gaunt Hunger's door,
Did bake thee in the ashes.

" I never deem'd that thou wouldst be
By such lank wights attended ;
But now, alas ! I plainly see,
Thy day will soon be ended.

" My beauteous baker-loaf ! I weep
To see thee dying,—dying !
The shelf thou canst not, canst not, keep ;
I cut thee while I 'm sighing !

" Dear wheaten loaf ! Now dust to dust,
Morsel hath morsel follow'd !
'T is over :"—and the last dry crust
Was spread, and quickly swallow'd !

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER.

MY long-remember'd brother ! ah, whither dost thou roam ?
Why is it thou hast left so soon thy mother and thy home,
Kind brothers on the mountain-top that carol wild and free,
Sporting among the shelving crags they climb'd in infancy ?

I wonder where thou travellest now,—over the rolling seas,
Gazing upon the swelling wave, stirr'd by the passing breeze ?
Or art thou rich as Cræsus, boy, on Fortune's golden strand,
Shelter'd from want and pain and care in famed Australia-
land ?

I wonder where thy thoughts are now,—wandering among
our hills,
And gathering flowers that bathe themselves in Memory's
sacred rills ?
And art thou dreaming of thy sire, thy mother's kind caress ?
I know these thoughts will call from thee fresh drops of
tenderness.

Or art thou by the murmuring stream, lone musing on the
past ?
And does the tear-drop from thine eye rush o'er thy cheek
at last ?
And are thy playmates with thee there, bounding along the
lake ?
Thy brothers and thy sisters, too ? Ah, no ! young wanderer,
wake !

For we are on our mountain's head, watching the twilight
grey,
And wondering why our brother thus so soon could haste
away :

Ay, wondering why he thus could go from home's long-
cherish'd bowers,
And leave us here alone to cull the Summer's brightest
flowers !

I wonder what thine eyes behold, what now my brother sees ?
O, does he walk at evening-hour beneath the forest-trees,
Gazing through tears with wild delight on the sweet vesper-
star,
Flashing its beams of silvery light upon him from afar ?

I wonder what thy feelings are,—if they are aught like mine ?
It may be so, and I will drop a tear or two with thine.
They fall upon our mountain's head within my heathy bower,
And hang, as doth the evening mist, upon the sleeping flower.

How sweet, on this delicious eve, my straw-thatch'd home
appears !
Methinks 't is dearer now than erst, because enshrined in
tears.

For every passing zephyr weeps, each flower-bud of the lea,
And all the little singing-birds sob forth a dirge for thee.

Thou canst not see my British home, with dusky twilight
crown'd ;
Thou canst not see old England's hills and valleys lie around ;
Thou canst not see the rising moon peer o'er our mountain's
brow,
How beautiful, how beautiful ! But, brother, where art thou ?

O, shall we never meet again ? Perhaps on earth no more :
If not, farewell, until it be on heaven's unclouded shore.
But if below I felt for thee, and loved thee with such love,
O, how much greater will it be in that bright world above !

MY COTTAGE-HOME.

(AN EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER.)

ON our beloved native height,
Far from the ocean's foam,
Beneath a bank of heath-flowers bright,
I sing my cottage-home.

It rears its straw-thatch'd roof above
The rocky mountain's head,
And smiles among the prickly brakes
With golden furze-buds spread.

O me ! how passing beautiful
Its reedy roof appears !
Its uncouth chimneys, granite-blocks
Unhewn, I 've loved for years.
The time-decaying casements, too,
Though Gothic they may be,—
The very earth it stands upon,—
Have charms enough for me.

You ask me why I do not come,
And share the stranger's feast ;
And why I ever stay at home :
Think'st thou my joys the least ?—
Through England's flowery meads to trip,
Forgetting labour's life,
Charm'd with the melting voices of
A mother and a wife.

And when the Sabbath-hours are come,
And Labour's sons are free,
Think not that I am pleasureless,
That there 's no bliss for me.
With joy I hail the rising lark,
As he his matin sings,
And oft haste forth to see him shake
The dew-drop from his wings.

O then, at this soft soothing time,
Through sweet Affection's tears,
How beautiful, how beautiful,
My mountain-home appears !
Far sweeter than the palace-dome,
Castle, or gilded hall,
My unambitious cottage-home,
I prize it more than all.

There may be woods around you spread,
With broad and glassy lakes ;
Fire-flies may revel o'er your head,
And parrots in the brakes ;

The mocking-bird's capricious note
May fall upon your ear,
And butterflies around you float
That never glitter here.

I care not for your woods of green,
Your lakes and birds and flies :
You have not England's sunny stream,
You have not England's skies :
You have not England's holiday,
When man and beast are free.
It is for these, my boy, I stay :
They are enough for me.

I tell thee, 't is the budding-time,
And robin comes again,
Building his nest where erst he did,
High up the stony lane.
Thy sisters on the daisy-lea
Now sit and play for hours,
And little brother plucks for thee
A nosegay of wild flowers.

The cowslips round our mountain-cot
Like dewy pearls are flung,
And on our ancient garden-hedge
The primrose-buds are strung.
The lambkins crop the tender grass
Our hilly meads supply ;
And birds and breezes carol sweet
Beneath the vernal sky.

Two sister-violets I 've pluck'd
Beneath our hawthorn-tree,
And wrapt them in this music-sheet,
To send, my boy, to thee.
And, brother, when they meet your eyes,
Far, far o'er ocean's foam,
Remember they were gems which clung
Around your Cornish home.

BUT ALL THINGS WILL CHANGE.

(AN EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER.)

A HOST of bad omens, too direful to name,
 Have been lashing the bard with their switches of flame.
 Last evening, returning from work rather late,
 With an ooze in my hand, and a rhyme in my pate,
 A raven flew heavily over my head,
 And gave such a croak that I stagger'd with dread.
 O fell Superstition ! how long wilt thou stay ?
 Spread thy scaly black wing, and fly far, far away !

And, brother, last Friday,—unlucky for me !—
 I saw a dread magpie alone on a tree.
 I kept on and whistled,—sure, this was no sin,—
 But, O, it set up such a terrible din,
 And whirl'd o'er my head :—how awful the sight !
 I leapt up on the road, and ran home in my fright.
 An omen so fearful implied I might lose
 My time-rended jacket or sole-clapping shoes.

The fire has burnt blue several evenings of late,
 And puss has been washing her hands in the plate.
 The death-watch has click'd on the top of the screen ;
 An owl has been hooting,—a ghost has been seen.
 A primrose has sprung on the head of old Winter :
 A wren has died suddenly on a moss-splinter :
 And once, on a journey, almost at mid-day,
 I found a great pin,—but 't was turn'd the wrong way !

What these dark gloomy omens are meant to convey,
 'T is not in my power at this moment to say.
 The rhymer's spare laurels, poor fellow ! may fail,
 And his crown of green heath may utterly quail.
 The spirit of music may hasten away,
 And hoarse-hooting prose may lead me astray,
 Through deserts all streamless and songless to range :—
 It may be, dear brother ; for all things will change.

Already what changes are here, my dear brother,
 Since last you shook hands with your father and mother !
 The pig has been kill'd just a fortnight ago,
 That pork may be had when 't is winter and snow.

The sheep and the lamb have been sold to the butcher :
I felt very sad when he came up to clutch her ;
For a savage he look'd, from his feet to his head :—
In a very few hours they were both of them dead !

Your very old shoe which you wore ere you started,—
You know it,—the tap from the upper has parted ;
The irons have fled to some nook in our zone ;
The nails are all scatter'd, the string's in mine own ;
The hind-part of the upper, behind an old crock,
In a web-hanging hole, lies as still as a stock ;
Other fragments and splinters along the broad sphere
Are scatter'd and whirl'd :—what a change has been here !

Our cart-house—you know when 't was fresh in its prime—
Seems now to be momentarily crushing by Time.
A pole which the place of a lintel supplied,
Is down on the floor, and it lies on its side ;
Some clods from the " end's " majestic height
Arc lofty no more,—they are prostrated quite.
But robin, poor fellow, though rafters break out,
Still flies where you often have seen him no doubt,
And trills his sad ditty so pensively true,
That oftentimes we think he is sighing for you.

If our cart-house is crush'd by the finger of Time,
Our cow-house, too, quakes on its basis sublime.
The ropes on the roof, which have been on the wane,
Like Samson's green withs, are all sever'd in twain ;
And now, to keep quiet the storm-beaten pile,
On the top of it slumbers an old-fashion'd sile,
Which might have upheld, in this troublous range,
The roof of a grotto :—but all things must change.

Our furze-rick, old Cornish, with bunches of broom,
Is hastening away to the regions of fume.
On our straw-cover'd cot could you open your eyes,
You 'd see it in clouds gallop off to the skies.
I wish you were with us, to see the bright flame,
Now crackling its mirth-song, lit by our old dame :
But seas roll between, the leviathan's home,
The abode of the mermaid :—farewell till you come !

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO J. B., ESQ., CAMBORNE.

(ON HEARING OF HIS ILLNESS.)

TO-DAY, dear Sir, amid the snow
And wintry winds, the poor man's foe,
With frost-cut hands, and aching bones,
Heart-sick and sad with breaking stones,
Not soft ones, Sir, but rocks of fire,
Conceived by Nature in her ire,—
To-day, when at the old tin-mine,
Between the hours of twelve and nine,
The sooty blacksmith, cheerful Will,
Told me that Mr. B. was ill,
A sadness o'er my spirit pass'd,
And for my friend the tears fell fast.

So, when my hard day's work was o'er,
I gain'd my dwelling in the moor,
And by my ingle-side sat down,
Far from the turmoil of the town,
And round me flock'd my smiling brood,
Sweet birds that cheer my solitude,
Whose artless notes such joy afford,
When clustering round the supper-board.
One clamber'd up my weary knee,
And soon began to question me,
With voice as tuneful as the rill:
I told them our good friend was ill,—
The gentleman who climb'd the hill.
They look'd at me with wondering eyes,
Where purest tears began to rise,
Whose silent language sweetly fell:
"Will not our Father make him well?"
And when again beside their bed
Their evening orisons were said
With folded hands, like cherubs fair,
Your name was whisper'd in their prayer.

May God preserve my kindest friend
For many years, ere life shall end !
And may your calm of mind increase,
Till landed on the shores of peace !
In life's bright morn earth's thorny range
Appear'd to me a world of change ;
And as my years swept fleetly by,
This truth expanded 'neath mine eye.
Friend after friend lay on their bier,
And left the mourner weeping here ;
And with the bard of magic power,
I said, and now am led to say,
" I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away."

I hope, dear Sir, my artless song
Will find you once more hale and strong ;
Enjoying all your wonted health,
More precious than Australian wealth ;
So that your smile again may cheer
The hearts of those who hold you dear.
Yes, God be praised, He can restore
His servant, if He will, once more ;
Can lift you from the couch of pain
In health and happiness again.
Yes, God be praised ! He surely will :
He smites,—but He's the Healer still.

So, when the wintry winds are o'er,
And the spring-flowers appear once more,
When May-buds cluster on the thorn,
And the grey sky-lark sings at morn,
When blue-bells dance beside the rill,
Come yet again to our loved hill.
How bracing is the mountain air !
The residence of Health is there.
With joy I'll stop my pastoral reed,
To climb it with a friend indeed.

I ask forgiveness for this crime
In sending you my simple rhyme ;
For since I last beheld your face,
The Muse has left my dwelling-place,

And flown to some more genial shed,
 Where courted Genius lifts its head.
 Will you remember me and mine
 To the kind ladies 'neath your vine,
 Whose cheerful voices that calm hour
 Were heard within my mountain-bower ?
 May God preserve my friend of friends
 For noble deeds, for noble ends !
 Perchance the poet's lyre to sweep,
 Perchance to comfort those who weep,
 Perchance to dry the mourner's tear,
 And whisper comfort to his ear,
 The " story of the Cross " to tell.—
 Forgive me, honour'd friend : farewell !

A SIMPLE OFFERING

FROM A POET'S CHILDREN TO J. B., ESQ., CAMBORNE.

(WITH A BUNCH OF EARLY PRIMROSES.)

FLOWERS from the lowly dell,
 Primroses rich and rare,
 The first young comers of the Spring,
 The beautiful, the fair !
 O, pull them gently, little ones,
 And lay them by with care !

Flowers from the brooklet's banks,
 Beneath the old elm-tree ;
 Wild flowerets, which, like spirit-eyes,
 Look on us lovingly !
 How soon ye bloom ! how soon ye fade !
 How fair, how frail are ye !

Oft wandering here alone,
 Oppress'd with pain and care,
 What time the star of eve looks down
 Yon rocky mountain bare,
 I think of heaven's sun-lighted home,
 And fadeless flowerets there.

Flowers from the year's young prime,
The earliest and the best ;
Chaste offerings from the hands of Spring,
Beneath the robin's nest !
Ye smile in nature's purity,
With sunbeams on your crest.

O, beautiful ye are
As in my younger days,
On moor and lonely mountain-top
When rambling in your rays,
Singing in Twilight's musing ear
My wild unpolish'd lays.

Come, pull them, little ones !
They're for your father's friend :
A gift so simple and so pure
May costlier gifts transcend,
When offer'd from his grateful heart
By whom these lines are penn'd.

CHANONCHET AND WETAMOE

CHANONCHET AND WETAMOE.

INTRODUCTION.

It is well known to all careful readers of early American history, that some of the first discoverers of that continent kidnapped the Indians, and sold them as slaves. Bancroft, in his "History of the United States," says, when speaking of Cortereal, the commander of the Portuguese expedition in 1501, "But men were already, with the Portuguese, an established article of traffic; the inhabitants of the American coast seemed well fitted for labour; and Cortereal freighted his ships with more than fifty Indians, whom on his return he sold as slaves."

In 1520, we read of the Spaniards fitting out two slave-ships from St. Domingo, and passing to the coast of South Carolina in quest of labourers for their plantations and mines. "The natives of this region had not yet cause to fear Europeans; and if they fled at the approach of men from the slave-ships, it was rather from timid wonder than from a sense of peril. Gifts were interchanged: a liberal hospitality was offered to the strangers: confidence was established. At length, the natives were invited to visit the ships; they came in cheerful throngs; the decks were covered. Immediately the ships weighed anchor. Husbands were torn from their wives, and children from their parents."

In 1525, we read of Stephen Gomez, an experienced naval officer, with disappointed hopes, entering the bays of New York and New England. "Failing," says the writer already quoted, "to discover a northern route to India, and fearful to return without success and without a freight, he filled his vessel with robust Indians, to be sold as slaves."

On the 11th of November, 1620, the "Pilgrim-Fathers" landed on the coast of Massachusetts, at a place to which they gave the name of New Plymouth. The natives of this coast, says Douglass, (in his "Summary of the First Planting of North America," vol. i., p. 364,) had some years before been carried off in considerable numbers by a British kidnapper, one Captain Hunt, who sold them in the Mediterranean to the Spaniards, as Moors of Barbary.

CHANONCHET AND WETAMOE.*

SWEET was the evening hour : the day
On the blue hill-tops died away ;
The setting sun's last golden gleam
Had tinged the ripples of the stream ;
The fair young moon's chaste robe was thrown
O'er tangled wilds and mountains lone ;
The fox was peeping from his lair,
And combing out his matted hair ;
The wolf had plann'd his midnight prow ;
Astir was seen the ghostly owl,
Staring from out his ivied den,
To hoot within the lonely glen.

A wigwam, by the blue lake's side,
Whose simple door was open wide,
In the pale moonlight might be seen ;
And, entering now, with placid mien,
An Indian youth, with locks of jet,
Smoking his peaceful calumet.¹
Beside the hearth-stone's flickering ray,
Sat a bright girl, as sweet as May,
Fair as the Morning's orient eye,
In the blue windows of the sky.
To her he gave the pipe, and she
Quench'd it in her simplicity.
He pointed to the lake's calm face,
Which winded round the mountain's base,
And forth she walk'd beside him there,
With dark blue eyes and flowing hair,
And wondrous music in her voice,
That bade the listening woods rejoice.

* Chanonchet and Wetamoe are two distinguished characters in the early history of the North American Indians ; and the names may have been handed down to son and daughter, from the earliest inhabitants of those brave tribes ; which induced me to bring them into this poem, with a little alteration in the orthography.—See IRVING'S "Memoir of Philip of Pokanoket."

O rapturous hour ! He silence brake,
And thus it was Chanonchet spake :—

“ You know my sire in battle died,
And with him fell our country's pride.
Curst be the white man's pale-faced host,
That prowl along our wooded coast !
And cursed be their savage hands,
That fired our towns with lightning-brands !²
Like angry gods they strangely came,
And scoreh'd us with their hissing flame,
Till all the hero died,
Covering the warrior's face with shame,
Scattering destruction wide !
My father in the centre stood,
Fierce, although wounded ; and the blood
Was rushing through his swelling veins,
Spurring his spirit's warrior-reins.
The pale-faced chieftain by his blade
Was hack'd and hew'd :—he shriek'd for aid :
But ere his reeling followers came,
My father smote with deadly aim.
O'ercome with numbers,—sad to tell,—
At last my sire heroic fell,
Cover'd with wounds, with death-stripes cross'd,
On half an army's sword-points toss'd,
His manly features pale and gory,—
But o'er him lay a vest of glory !
I saw him on the battle-plain ;
I strove to stanch the oozing vein.
The blood was clotted on his cheek,
And thrice I heard my father speak :
‘ Come hither, son, and let me trace
My image in my darling's face.
Wet my dry lips ! O how they burn !
I go from whence there's no return ;
Thy father dies ! My only son,
Revenge my death when I am gone ;³
Let the war-cry thy bosom swell,
And chase them with thy angry yell.
So shall my sated ghost be blest,
When hunting in the' unclouded West.’⁴

He said, and sank upon his side,
Shiver'd his shatter'd lance, and died.

“ Athwart yon dell our wigwam shines,
Shelter'd by trees and clustering vines,
Where oft at eventide is heard
The carol of the forest-bird ;
Where flower-buds, tinged with rainbow-hues,
Are drinking up the summer-dews.
Sweet flowers ! Can I forget them ? No,
For oft I twine them round my bow,
And cease to hunt the leaping roe.
Can I forget my fleet canoe,
That bounds across these waters blue,
As swiftly as the eagle flies ?
Dear are ye in Chanonchet's eyes.
And she who hugg'd me on her knee,
And sung her wild-strain'd lullaby ;
Who often kiss'd my boyish face,
And nerved and clad me for the chase ;
O how she praised my courage, when
I slew the panther in the glen,—
The first that 'neath my arrow bled,—
And dragg'd it to our wind-rock'd shed !
She told me I should hunt the deer,
And cause the pale-faced man to fear ;
Should scare the lion from the wood,
And thrice revenge my father's blood !
Yet at thy name, a magic word,
What throbbings of my heart are stirr'd !
Strange tremors through my body run,
Falters the song ere well begun,
And I impatient watch the day
That lingers ere it haste away,
When night's first star, mid skies of blue,
Shall light me to my Wetamoe.
Then in the mild beam of thine eye,
I thrill with holiest ecstacy.
Dost thou perceive what makes me tame,
And darts like lightning through my frame,
When whispering Wetamoe's sweet name ?
Dost know ?—'T is love's celestial fire,
The gushing flood of pure desire :

Thy fond Chanonchet knows to feel
What time may soften, but not heal.
To-morrow both our lives shall run
Like two clear streamlets into one."

He spoke.—The young moon smiled on high,
A star or two look'd through the sky,
The fishes sported in the lake,
The eve-bird fluted in the brake,
The dew-heads hung upon the trees,
And distant harp-notes fill'd the breeze.
'T was solitude and silence here,—
An emblem of the' Elysian sphere.

Ye would not deem, beneath this sky,
That danger was so very nigh ;
But, suddenly a host of thieves
Came leaping from among the leaves,—
White savages, men-stealers they !—
Who pounced upon their helpless prey,
Careless of colour and of clan :—
How true that " man's worst foe is man !"
Resistance would have been in vain ;
It only would increase their pain ;
And so they yielded to the chain.

How quickly are our prospects cross'd,
And every ray of hope is lost !
The sun withdraws, the sky's o'ercast,
And young buds fall before the blast !
Chanonchet, and the cherish'd flower
He deem'd would deck his cabin-bower,
Are sever'd by the " Christian's " hand,
And quail beneath black slavery's brand :
To different districts both are driven,
From love, and home, and kindred riven.

It was Chanonchet's fate to be
Surrounded with the sugar-trec,—
A slave, where all save man was free !
And he would sigh, with grief oppress'd,
When labouring pains upheaved his breast ;
And oft he sought the wild wood's shade ;
And there, where many waters play'd,
He mused upon his banish'd maid.

His cruel master whipp'd him sore,
And blush'd not when he saw the gore,
But cut and lash'd him with a frown,
And beat him till the blood ran down,
And poor Chanonchet sank away
With faintness on the blood-red clay.

Deem not, when tortured and oppress'd,
Home-feelings died within his breast.
Deem not, at this afflictive hour
He had forgot his garden-bower ;
Or that the proud oppressor's steel
Benumb'd him, that he could not feel.
O no ! his home was with him there ;
And, floating on the balmy air,
He heard his own melodious birds,
And listen'd to his mother's words,
Drank Wetamoe's soul-stirring strain,
And lived his childhood o'er again.
And when the rest were drown'd in sleep,
It was Chanonchet's time to weep,
To pace his little garret-room,
And wring his hands, and wail his doom ;
And, through his wind-spear'd casement, he
Would oft peer forth upon the sea,—
What time the moon had deck'd the night,
Flooding the solitudes with light,—
Smarting beneath the tyrant's rod,
And muse upon his native sod.

One night,—thick darkness veil'd the sky,
And not a star-beam shone on high ;
The clouds, in wild commotion hurl'd,
Were striking terror through the world ;
The angry tempest-spirit growl'd,
And every outward aspect scowl'd ;
The household had retired to sleep,
The patient sufferer to weep ;
For from Chanonchet's back, that day,
His master beat the skin away.
He raised him from his straw-made bed,
And paced his murky prison-shed.

Poor fellow ! O how sad was he,
Resolving in his mind to flee !—
“The yelling winds I hear without,
Whirling the rifted crags about,
Riving the knotty oaks in twain,
And shaking Neptune’s dread domain,
Are far more pitiful and kind
Than those wild bears I leave behind :
Therefore I ’ll nerve myself for flight,
And leave this butcher-house to-night.”

He said, and through the lattice flew ;
The wild-bird shriek’d as he withdrew ;
And, creeping onward through the dark,
He thought he heard the bloodhound’s bark !
He reach’d the gloomy wood, and there
He, sobbing, knelt him down to prayer,
That the Great Spirit’s hand would guide⁵
Him to his native valley’s side,
To see his home, his mother too,
And tell her of his Wetamoe.

Within a hollow tree he crept,
Lay down at night, and sweetly slept,—
Forgetful of the furious boar,
And scared not with the tiger’s roar ;
And when the morning broke, he rose,
Cheerful and gay, and off he goes.
He with his knife and hatchet here
Lived happily on forest cheer ;
Vessels of earth he fitly framed,
Rubb’d the dry wood until it flamed,
Made bows and arrows wondrous strong,
Kill’d wild game as he hid along,
Pluck’d clustering berries from the tree,
And drank from rivers pure and free ;
The earth his bed, his roof the sky,
He fatten’d where a wolf would die.⁶

At last he reach’d his native wild,
Where he in life’s blue morning smiled,
And, from the hill’s head, down he gazed
Where erst the festive faggot blazed.

What were his feelings when he found
His cabin prostrate on the ground,
The peace-tree scathed, his mother gone,
And not a kinsman left,—not one !

He ask'd,—he heard the sad, sad tale :—
The “ Christians ” stalk'd into the vale,
Killing and burning as they came ;—
His mother perish'd in the flame !
’T was told him,—and he sought the wood,
To end his days in solitude.
A mossy cave became his den,
And here he lived apart from men,
On herbs and roots, with naked breast,
The Indian Hermit of the West.

The river’s side, at close of day,
Where Wetamoe was stole away,
He oft would visit, and his mind
Would picture scenes of saddest kind.
He saw her tortured, whipp’d, oppress’d,
The blood-drops oozing from her breast,
Bruised, broken, scourged, made dumb with pain,
And bending earthward ’neath the chain.
He knew the same, he felt the smart,
The slave-chain rankled in his heart ;
And when this flash’d before his eyes,
The wild woods echoed with his cries.

One eve he left his mossy cave,
And sat beside the limpid wave,
And sang his melancholy song,
That floated sad the trees among :—

“ The young cub seeks its mother’s breast,
The eagle hastens to its nest,
The lion slumbers in his lair,
A shelter has the shaggy bear ;
The wanderer to his mates will come ;
But poor Chanonchet has no home !

“ My father, on the battle-field,
Fell conquer’d on his hole-hack’d shield ;

And, hark ! along my native coast,
I hear my mother's shrieking ghost,
Invoking me fierce war to wage,
And scathe the foeman in my rage,
Who dragg'd her to the smouldering fire,
And burnt our wigwam in his ire.
My mother and my sire are gone :
I 've not a kinsman left,—not one.

“And she, poor sad Chanonchet's sun,—
How quickly were we both undone !
She loved me ;—this I felt, I knew,
And for it loved my Wetamoe :
But they have dragg'd my flower away,
Turning to night my sunny day !

“My sweet wigwam, alas ! is missing ;
The angry serpent there is hissing.
Where erst the son and mother slept,
The black envenom'd toad hath crept ;
And there the staring owl is shrieking,
And the wild beast his fast is breaking.
No human voice is heard ; 't is dumb,
And poor Chanonchet has no home !

“Where now shall the sad lone one flee ?
The red wild warrior misses me ;
The grey deer round my cave is leaping,
And there the soft young fawn is sleeping.
Yes, this is all that does me gladden ;
For sights of other objects sadden :—
My wigwam burnt, my father slain ;
My mother's ashes strew the plain ;
My Wetamoe for ever banish'd,
And every ray of hope evanish'd !
No, not a star is in the sky ;
There 's nothing left now but to die !”

Backward he turn'd ; his tears were streaming ;
Blue lights were on the mountains gleaming,
Black clouds were gathering thick before him,
And the wild winds were yelling o'er him,

Clashing with fury on his ear :
He paused, and deem'd a storm was near.

Quick, suddenly around him came
A flashing sheet of livid flame,
And awfully athwart the heaven
A blazing thunderbolt was driven !
It rived an aged tree in twain,
Which fell and shook Chanonchet's brain,
Shatter'd the skull, and cleft the head,
And in a moment left him dead,—
A piteous corse, with gore imbrued,
Hallowing the awful solitude !

O Slavery ! in thy horrid mien
Thongs, stripes, diseases, death are seen ;
In thy fierce eyes, the brand, the lash,
Glare on us with a deadly flash :
Thy unwash'd clutches, wet with gore,
Hang as they did in days of yore ;
Huge tusks grin in thy craggy jaw,
And bones of dead men cram thy maw !
O Slavery ! in thy serpent-twine,
Earth's sorrowing children weep and whine.
Still many a wretch, dragg'd fast and far
From home, where friends and kindred are,
Is doom'd, where Freedom rears her head,
And boasts how green her laurels spread,
To mourn beneath a tyrant's ire,
In chains to wither and expire.
O Slavery ! stay thy tortures, stay,
And throw thy blood-stain'd chain away,
Stalk to some icy mountain high,
And, shivering, lay thee down and die !
'T is time thou shouldst : peasant and peer
Look on thee as a monster here ;
For " Uncle Tom " the tear-drops fall
In cottage home and gilded hall.
England hath whirl'd thee from her strand ;
Thy foot dishonours not her land :
O may her " daughter's " garments be⁷
Wash'd from the stains of Slavery !

But who across the green wood hies,
A bow upon her shoulder slung,
Sad sorrow streaming from her eyes ?

She weeps, although so young.
'T is Wetamoe.—The bitter cup
Of slavery hath the maid drunk up ;
And now the wild wood does she rove
In search of him, her only love !

She dreamt—within their wonted bower
They sat, at summer's twilight hour,
Charm'd with the note of many a bird,
That in these solitudes was heard,
Breathing forth vows of love and truth,
And smiling in the' embrace of youth !
Again she dreamt—at eventide,

As through the forest they did roam,
(Chanonchet and his bonny bride,)

From the dark thicket's womb,
A bristled boar, with foaming bound,
Struck poor Chanonchet to the ground,
Was tearing the live flesh ;—and she,
Shrieking, awoke in agony ;
And, rushing from the tyrant's den,
Alone she sought her native glen.
A hunter's garb the maid doth wear,
With battle-axe and bow and spear,
Roaming the woods, devoid of fear,
In search of him, to her so dear.

Hast thou not seen the little flower,
The earliest spring-bud of the bower,
Smote by the wintry blast ?
So the struck maiden bow'd her head,
When first she saw her loved one dead ;

Her life had nearly pass'd ;
And, with a shriek that tore the sky,
As dark clouds dimm'd her fixed eye,
She fell beside his mangled clay,
And fluttering reason fled away !
At shut of eve, across the dale,
What time is heard the nightingale,
The Maniac Maid will quickly pass,
Brushing the dew-drops from the grass.

Her clustering ringlets, sunny-brown,
Dishevell'd, fall her shoulders down ;
Unplumed, unbonnetted is she,
The vacant child of misery.
She pauses oft, and oft her song
Of melancholy floats along,
Which seems some wild, unearthly strain,
Flashing across her tortured brain :—

“ Behold, on high the eve-star gleams,
Silvering our rippling, flower-fringed streams ;
But though so winning, mild, and clear,
'T is not Chanonchet's fit compeer ;
For he, upon his leafy stem,
Would far outshine this sparkling gem.

“ I 'll tell you where my love is laid :
(O stranger, hear the Maniac Maid !)
Beneath the tree he slumbers sweet ;
Wild wood-leaves are his winding-sheet ;
And sapless boughs that o'er him wave,
The victory-scalps that deck his grave.⁸

“ The forest-bird sobs for him ever,
And stops his plaintive murmur never !
His spirit through Elysium wings
Its rapid flight, and sweetly sings ;
Or with his ponderous, twanging bow
Sweeping the forests he doth go,
Hurling his cedar-shafts with dread,
And stalking o'er the prostrate dead !

“ Of all our tribe he was the flower,
The best, the brightest in our bower !
His heart would bleed when sorrow came,
And danger roused his slumbering flame.
They stole him when our hope-tree budded,
And with green leaves the boughs were studded ;
And when again I sought and found him,
The hungry wolves were grinning round him,
The eagle o'er his head was screaming,
How shrill !—but, O ! my love was dreaming.
He sleeps beneath the tall tree's shade :—
O stranger, hear the Maviac Maid ! ”

NOTES.

Note (1), page 172.

Smoking his peaceful calumet, &c.

THE austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in the day-time; but at night the young lover goes "a-calumetting," as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguish it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart. (ASHE'S "Travels.")

Note (2), page 173.

And cursed be their savage hands,
That fired our towns with lightning-brands, &c.

THE cruelty practised by Soto and his companions, in their vain chase for gold in the Far West, is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to repeat it here. Bancroft says, "The Spaniards treated them" (the Indians) "with no other forbearance than their own selfishness demanded, and enslaved such as offended, employing them as porters and guides. On a slight suspicion, they would cut off the hands of numbers of the natives, for punishment or intimidation; while the young cavaliers, from desire of seeming valiant, ceased to be merciful, and exulted in cruelties and carnage. Sometimes a native was condemned to the flames. Any trifling consideration of safety would induce the governor to set fire to a hamlet," &c.

Note (3), page 173.

Revenge my death when I am gone, &c.

THIS lurking passion of revenge in the Indian is fearfully illustrated in the following anecdote:—The Otoe Indians, having procured several kegs of whisky, resolved to have a grand carousal, and, aware of the fury to which their passions would be stimulated by intoxication, removed all weapons

beyond their reach. When the whisky began to work, a fearful brawl commenced, and, in the frenzy of strife, the brother of the chief bit off a part of the chief's nose. The Iotan (the chieftain) was sobered in a moment: he paused, looked intently in the fire without uttering a word, then, throwing his blanket over his head, walked out of the building, and hid himself in his own lodge. On the following morning he sought his brother, and told him that he had disfigured him for life. "To-night," said he, "I will go to my lodge and sleep: if I can forgive you when the sun rises, you are safe; if not, you die." He kept his word: he slept upon his purpose; but sleep brought no mercy. He sent word to his brother that he had resolved upon his death,—that there was no further hope for him: at the same time he besought him to make no resistance, but to meet his fate as a warrior should.

His brother received the message, and fled from the village. An Indian is untiring in the pursuit of revenge; and though years may elapse, yet he will obtain it in the end. From the time it became the fixed purpose of the Iotan to slay his brother, his assiduity never slept: he hunted him for months. He pursued his trail over the prairies; he followed his track from one thicket to another; he traced him through the friendly villages, but without success; for, although he was untiring, his brother was watchful, and kept out of his way. The old warrior then changed his plan of action. He lay in wait for him in the forest, crouching, like a tiger, in the paths which he thought he might frequent in hunting; but he was for a long time unsuccessful. At length, one day, when seated on a dead tree, he heard the crackling noise of a twig breaking beneath a cautious footstep. He instantly crouched behind the log, and watched the opposite thicket. Presently an Indian emerged from it, and gazed earnestly around. The Iotan recognised his brother instantly. His care-worn face and emaciated form evinced the anxiety and privations that he had suffered. But this was nothing to the Iotan: as yet his revenge was unsated, and the miserable appearance of his brother touched no chord of his heart. He waited until he was within a few feet of him, then sprang from his lurking-place, and met him face to face. His brother was unarmed, but met his fiery look with calmness, and without flinching. "Ha, ha, brother!" cried the Iotan, cocking his rifle, "I have

followed you long in vain : now you must die." The other made no reply, but, throwing off his blanket, stepped before him, and presented his breast. The Iotan raised his rifle, and shot him through the heart. (THEODORE IRVING.)

Note (4), page 173.

When hunting in the' unclouded West.

THE Indian believes in the immortality of the soul,—that it enters the future world in a similar form, and in like circumstances, to those under which it existed in this life. They suppose that in a future state the happiness of the good consists in an abundance and enjoyment of those things which they value here, and that their present sources of happiness will then be carried to perfection. (PARKER'S "Journey beyond the Rocky Mountains.")

Note (5), page 177.

That the Great Spirit's hand would guide, &c.

IT is certain that the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things : that is the Great Spirit, and they look up to him as the source of good, from whom no evil can proceed. (CLARK'S "Travels among the Indians.")

Note (6), page 177.

He fatten'd where a wolf would die.

IF an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. He would collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows ; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence. (ADAIR'S "General Observations on the American Indians," p. 394. See also CAMPBELL'S Notes on "Gertrude of Wyoming," Works, p. 335.)

Note (7), page 180.

O may her "daughter's" garments be
Wash'd from the stains of Slavery.

"O LIFT no sword again,

Mother and daughter!"

—MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY'S "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant
Lands."

Note (8), page 182.

And sapless boughs that o'er him wave,
The victory-scalps that deck his grave.

THE scalps which the Indian warrior takes in battle, are often, after his decease, stuck upon a long pole, and exhibited over his grave on high occasions. ("Narrative of O. M. Spencer," p. 123.)

THE END.

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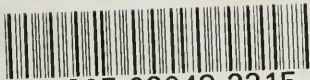
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